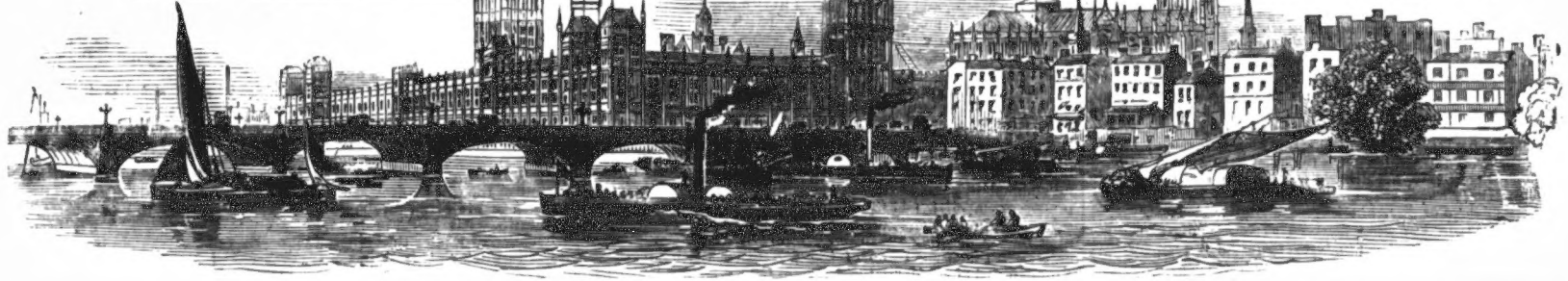


John Dick 313 Strand

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ONE PENNY.



THE BELFAST RIOTS.—ATTACK OF THE SHIP-CARPENTERS ON THE NAVVIES. (See page 163.)

Notes in the Week

On Sunday a fatal accident happened at Tynemouth. Mr. Robert Falconer, a grocer, Newcastle, had gone to Tynemouth to visit his mother-in-law, who was staying there. He was accompanied by his wife, his sister, and two of his three children, and after dinner the entire party went out for a walk on the Long Sands, at that time crowded with people who had arrived by the trains during the day. A great many persons of both sexes were bathing, though there was a heavy sea, a strong tide running in, and the waves breaking with great force. Mr. Falconer entered a bathing machine about half-past three o'clock, and soon after he had done so he ventured to meet an advancing wave at a distance from the shore, and it is supposed that he had been overpowered by its force and carried from his footing, as there was no sign of his returning from without the line of broken and breaking water. The alarm of "a man drowning" immediately ran along the banks and the sands. Several saw the body rise once or twice on the advancing waves, but it was never carried shorewards. Mrs. Falconer was near the bathing machines when the cry arose; and as she knew that her husband was amongst the bathers she obtained a field glass from an acquaintance, and at once looked towards the spot pointed out as that where the man was drowning. She almost instantly recognised her husband, and fainted. On recovering to a consciousness that all hope was in vain, her distress was terrible, and the feelings of the whole family under such circumstances may be imagined by any who either have or have not witnessed similar scenes.

A COMMUNICATION has been received at the Somerset county gaol, at Taunton, from Sir George Grey, residing during her Majesty's pleasure John Allen, under sentence of death for the murder of a wife at Hatch Beauchamp on the 4th of May last. The reply appears to have been the spontaneous act of the Government—perhaps with the concurrence of the judges who tried the case. Mr. T. Chambers, Q.C., who is reported to have expressed his surprise at the verdict though he concurred in it, inasmuch as, although a memorial signed by upwards of 500 of the clergy, gentry, and principal inhabitants of Taunton and neighbourhood had been forwarded to London on Saturday, it could not have been presented when the respite was despatched. The liveliest satisfaction is expressed that Allen's life is to be spared, it being generally felt that the strong provocation which he received rendered this a case in which the capital punishment ought not to be carried into effect. The memorial was supported by the Bishop of Bath and Wells, who also wrote to the Secretary of State, and by the high sheriff of the county, by whom the memorial was to have been presented. The receipt of the respite was communicated immediately to Allen by Mr. Oakley, the governor of the gaol, and so great was the revolution of feeling occasioned by the announcement, Allen being fully persuaded that his days were numbered, that he appeared to be quite stunned, and fainted away. He was removed to the hospital of the gaol, where he remains under the care of the surgeons.

On Saturday, by special arrangement, a trial of speed took place from Holyhead to Kingstown between the mail steamer *Uster* and the *Banshee*, a vessel built by Messrs. Aitken and Mansell, of Glasgow, for a well known firm, for the purpose of running the blockade. The *Uster* left the harbour of Holyhead two boats' lengths ahead of the *Banshee*, which followed her out at 2.30 p.m. In ten minutes after this the *Banshee* came gallantly alongside her opponent, and, notwithstanding some loss of time occasioned by heated tarrings she reached Kingsown fifteen minutes before her opponent, making the passage from the harbour wall to Kingstown in three hours twenty-five minutes, or at an average speed of over eighteen statute miles per hour, and carrying 280 tons of dead weight. The *Banshee* is built of steel, she is 130 tons B.M., and is propelled by paddles driven by engines of 250-horse power.

EXTRAORDINARY AFFAIR.—A singular case is now under investigation at Fleetwood. On the 6th of October, 1860, Mr. John Walkden, timber dealer, of Church, a small town in East Lancashire, paid two 50*l.* Bank of England notes to a youth named Richard Mayor, who was a book-keeper in the employ of the New Fylde Timber Company, at Fleetwood. In the evening Mayor made up his accounts, in order to hand over the cash to the manager of the company; but while engaged in doing so he missed the two 50*l.* notes. Walkden paid Mayor the notes in the presence of Joshua Bond, salesman of the company, and the latter, on seeing the money, said, "Mayor, put the notes into your pocket-book." Mayor was, however, unable to produce the notes when required, and the company, suspecting that he had stolen them, gave him into custody, and he was locked up at the Kirkham Police Station. On the 22nd of the same month Mayor was brought before the magistrates at Blackpool on the charge of stealing the notes. The case was minutely investigated, and among the witnesses examined against him was the salesman Bond. The evidence was not, however, sufficiently clear, and Mayor was acquitted. Mayor took the matter to heart; he asserted his innocence strongly and repeatedly. A friend of the family, Mr. Topping, a gentleman of independent means, believing that the youth was innocent and desirous of removing the apparent stain on his character, paid 100*l.* to the Timber Company; the father of Mayor offered a reward for the missing notes, so did the Timber Company; every possible inquiry was made, but every effort to solve the mystery seemed useless, and in a few months the matter appeared to be forgotten. But the youth Mayor, although acquitted, felt his position very acutely; he imagined that the public thought him guilty. In a short time his health gave way, and by-and-bye his nervous system became thoroughly broken up, paralysis followed, and he has now been bedridden nearly three years and a half. Last Wednesday afternoon a new light was thrown upon the mystery. A little boy, while playing in the yard belonging to the Timber Company, found a pocket-book belonging to the man Joshua Bond, the salesman, which contained the notes which had been so mysteriously missed. Bond was apprehended, and next day he was brought before the magistrates at Fleetwood. Some preliminary evidence was given, and the case was adjourned until Saturday afternoon. In the meantime the deposition of the young man Mayor was taken. His statement was to the effect that on the 6th of October, 1860, he received two 50*l.* notes from Mr. J. Walkden, of Church; that he put them in a bag and placed them on a table in the office; that he afterwards told Bond that he had been balancing his books, and was glad to find that they were right; that Bond then told him to take some consignment notes to an office in Fleetwood; that they both went out of the office and looked the door; that he was absent about five minutes, and on returning found the cash bag in the same place where he had left it; that during the evening he had occasion to look into bag, when he missed the notes; that Bond knew he had received the notes in the afternoon; that there were the keys to the office, and that Bond had one of them. On Saturday afternoon the prisoner Bond was again brought before the magistrates at the Fleetwood police-station. He maintained a very cool indifference during the proceedings. Several of the friends of the young man Mayor were in court, and appeared to be greatly affected. Among the witnesses examined was Police-sergeant Whiteside, who took the prisoner into custody. The prisoner admitted that the book was his, and said that the notes must have been placed in it by some one who was ill-disposed towards him. As to the examination of other witnesses the case was adjourned.—*Manchester Guardian*.

FRANCIS ARTHUR DE LIND has been qualifying for the Alpine Club. A *Chamonix* paper states that he has made an ascent to the "Grande Mule."

Foreign News

FRANCE

A letter from Limoges gives the subjoined particulars of the fire which has destroyed so many houses of that town:—

"A frightful conflagration is at the moment writing devastating the town of Limoges. The fire commenced last evening in the house of M. Canes, a hatter, in the Rue des Arènes, at the very time when the fireworks were being let off in the Champ-de-Juillet, and destroyed all the houses which stand between that street, the Place de la Mothe, the Boulevard Sainte Catherine, and Place d'Aine. The loss in buildings, furniture, and merchandise amounts to between four and five millions. Fortunately, a certain number of the proprietors and tenants were insured. The firemen of the town, the troops, and the inhabitants united together in endeavouring to stop the progress of the fire, but it was so violent, and water was so scarce, that during the whole night, in spite of the greatest efforts, they were not able to master it. This morning it was found necessary to give up some houses to destruction, and prevent the fire from spreading further by tearing down others which stood too close to the scene of conflagration. On the Boulevard St. Catherine the houses on the right side could only be protected by constantly pouring water on them. It makes one shudder to think of the immense extent which the fire would have attained if the wind had been as high as the day before. The general commanding the military division, the prefect, the mayor, the procureur-imperial, and the officers of the garrison remained the whole night on the spot, organizing the means of assistance. About nine in the morning the bishop, followed by his clergy, went in procession round the scene of the fire, carrying the relics of St. Aurelian and of St. Martial. Private letters from Limoges state that the number of houses destroyed by the fire amounts to 178. Happily no one has perished, and the personal injuries received are not very serious. A subscription opened at Limoges at once produced a considerable sum. There is no doubt that this example will be followed throughout the whole of France. The burnt part of the town will be rebuilt with wider streets, as Salins was after a disaster which destroyed almost the whole of it. A public subscription has been opened in Paris for the sufferers."

GERMANY.

The *Gazette de la Croix* of Berlin, commenting on the fall of King Otto of Greece, in connexion with the dismemberment of Denmark, sees the finger of God in the misfortunes which have happened to Christian IX. It says:—

"There are still people at Copenhagen who trust in an European intervention in favour of Denmark and who cannot resign themselves to the idea of undergoing such great losses. They say that King Christian himself is convinced that the Duchies will sooner or later return to him in conformity with the Treaty of London. But will Greece return to King Otto sooner or later in virtue of some treaty? Is not Greece much more solemnly guaranteed to that king than the Duchies are to King Christian? What right had King George to the throne of Greece? Have not the days of Duppel and of Allen given the answer of the living God to the Cavourist policy of King Christian at Athens? The Danes abandoned themselves to the counsels and the might of England to commit an evil deed in Greece, and then they were abandoned by the counsels and the might of England at home. We are very far from rejecting in the misfortune of others; but we look for the finger of God in history to be a guide to our own actions."

AMERICA.

The special correspondent of the *New York Tribune*, under date of Harper's Ferry, August 9 says:—

"General Averill attacked the combined forces of McCausland, Johnson, Gilmer, and McNeill (the Confederates who had invaded Maryland) on the morning of the 7th, and after a spirited fight completely routed their entire command, capturing all their artillery (four pieces) a vast quantity of small arms, 400 horses and equipments, and 420 prisoners, including six field and thirty-two company officers. McCausland, with his broken and demoralised command, has fled to the mountains. Our loss was comparatively small—seven killed and twenty-one wounded. Among our killed are Major Congress and First Lieutenant Clark of the 3rd Virginia Cavalry. They were struck down while gallantly leading a charge. Captain Kerr was severely wounded while penetrating the enemy's lines."

A Washington telegram says:—
"Information has been received here that General Averill, after overtaking the enemy at Montfort, attacked and utterly routed them, capturing between 500 and 600 prisoners, including General Johnson (who subsequently escaped), and his whole staff, with their headquarters, colours, and all the rebel artillery, and trains, and a large quantity of small arms. General McCausland himself barely escaped by flying into the mountains. General Averill pursued the scattered remnants of the rebel force for twenty-four miles, capturing many of the fugitives. His entire loss in killed was seven men."

THE NAVAL ATTACK ON MOBILE.

The following is from a Confederate paper:—"Seventeen of the enemy's vessels (fourteen ships and three iron-clads) passed Fort Morgan this morning. The *Tecumseh*, a monitor, was sunk by Fort Morgan. The *Tennessee* surrendered, after a desperate engagement with the enemy's fleet. Admiral Buchanan lost a leg, and is a prisoner. The *Selma* was captured. The *Gaines* was beached near the hospital. The *Morgan* is safe, and will try to run up to-night. The enemy's fleet has approached the city. A monitor has been engaging Fort Powell all day.—D. H. MAURY, Major-General."

The illustration in page 164 represents the Federal Admiral Farragut's floating battery.

BLOWING UP A FORT BY GENERAL GRANT.

The illustration in page 164 shows the destruction of a Confederate fort, at Petersburg, by means of the springing of a mine. More than 300 persons were killed by the explosion, but Grant's subsequent attack was repulsed with great loss.

The following description of the explosion is contained in an American letter:—

"At one o'clock on Saturday morning the Union troops were under arms; at three o'clock the mine was to be fired, the forts and their occupants were to be blown into empyrean, and the notorious legions of Grant were to enter Petersburg. But alas! for the vanity of human wishes. The fuse would not burn; another was tried, and that proved no better. The delay which thus brought daylight with it revealed to the Confederates the position of affairs, and apprised them of what was going on. They knew that a portion of their line was undermined, and what portion was not disclosed to them until forty minutes past four o'clock, when a shaft of earth, masonry, guns, and human beings shot 300 feet into the air, and a dull roar, as of an earthquake, escaped from the gaping ground as it rolled and rifted beneath the shock. The moment must have been awful, for simultaneously with the explosion ninety-five siege guns opened on the place, and roared along the entire line until the prospect was completely obscured. In a short time the cannon ceased firing, the smoke cleared away, the din and noise subsided, and General Grant perceived that his grand conception was a failure. An assault was then made through a breach of about fifty feet deep, and twenty feet wide, effected by the explosion."

General News

It appears from a recently issued blue-book that last year there were in England and Wales 5,995 known thieves at large under sixteen years of age, and 28,261 above that age.

The Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster (the Earl of Clarendon) has presented the Rev. Samuel Smith, of University College, Durham, incumbent of St. George's, Whitwick, Leicestershire, to the vicarage of that parish, rendered vacant by the death of the Rev. Francis Merewether, M.A.

A HARD-HEARTED country correspondent of the *American Citizen* writes:—"Have you ever remarked how avaricious (not to use too hard a term) ladies become the moment they undertake the management of a bazaar or tea-meeting? A sudden democratization takes place. The lady whom, till then, you had supposed to be honestly and candour personified, is found making use of devices the most doubtful in principle, and continuing to do so as long as there is the slightest prospect of getting an additional penny out of the poor victimised gentleman's pocket."

An old soldier, more than a hundred years of age, has just died at Montmiral, near Romans (Drome). He entered the army at the beginning of the revolution, and terminated his military career at Waterloo. He never suffered from illness, and died at last of decay.—*Galignani's Messenger*.

The Bishop of Exeter is at the present time "in residence" as one of the canons of Durham Cathedral. His lordship is constantly seen in his carriage about the city, and appears to be in perfect health. His lordship is eighty-six years of age, and has been Bishop of Exeter thirty-four years.

The King of Italy has just purchased of Mr. Webster, of Allerton, near Pickering, Yorkshire, his celebrated entire horse Canute, and of Mr. Hudson, of Brigham, his equally renowned horse General Williams. The pair are famous for their victories at the various agricultural shows. The exact prices have not transpired, but very long figures have been obtained.

A MEETING of the Lord Provost and magistrates of Perth was held on Wednesday with the view of making arrangements for the forthcoming inauguration of the Albert statue by her Majesty. It was resolved to issue a proclamation recommending that the 30th be observed in town as a holiday. It is understood that the ceremonial will be very simple and brief, not occupying much above a quarter of an hour. The public will be excluded from the general station on her Majesty's arrival, and it is particularly desired that there be no noisy demonstration on the North Inch. Her Majesty, on reaching the Inch, will be presented with a short address by the magistrates; and the inaugural prayer will be offered by the Rev. Mr. Burdon of the East Church.—*Dundee Advertiser*.

A VERY shocking accident, likely to terminate fatally, occurred to a boy named Edward Johnson, aged eleven, living at 53, Castle-street, Leicester-square. He had been with the children of the Free School, Bedfordbury to Richmond, for their annual treat, and on returning home, passing the Barnes Station, the poor fellow, while romping with another boy, was pushed against the door of the carriage, which flew open, and he fell out head foremost down the slight embankment. The wheels of the carriage did not touch him. He was conveyed to Charing-cross Hospital without delay, and on examination by Mr. Pennington, the house surgeon, was found to have sustained concussion of the brain.

THE Rev. F. B. Falkner, M.A., Head-Master of the Brackley Grammar School, has been appointed to the Head-Mastership of the Grammar School of Appleby Magna, in the county of Leicestershire.

A MELANCHOLY and fatal accident happened to a young gentleman named Leisler, who, with his parents and other members of his family, was on a visit to Llandudno, North Wales. The young gentleman was about twenty-two years of age, and was the only son of Mr. John Leisler, of Park-road, Victoria-park, and a member of the firm of Du Fay and Co., merchants, 32, Booth-street. Mr. Leisler went out in a boat on Llandudno Bay, in company with a gentleman named Hook, one of the sons of the Dean of Winchester. Mr. Leisler had his gun with him, and at the request of his friend shot at a gull which was hovering near the Orme's Head. The bird was struck by the shot, and fell upon the face of the rock at a considerable height from the shore. Mr. Leisler landed, scaled the rock, and secured the bird, which he threw down to his friend. In descending, he caught hold of a tuft of grass which was growing from the rock. The hold was insecure and treacherous; the grass gave way, and the unfortunate young man fell from a terrible height to the ground. He gasped, and died directly in the arms of his friend. The sad affair has cast a deep gloom over the whole neighbourhood, and is much deplored by the large circle of Manchester friends with whom the deceased and his family were connected.

A PERILOUS POSITION.—The *Buffalo Courier* of the 9th inst.

says:—"It has been known that Farini, the funambulist, who several years ago was Blondin's rival on the tight-rope at Niagara Falls, was making preparations to ford the rapids above the American Fall on a pair of iron soles contrived for the purpose. The exhibition was to have come off on the 15th. Early yesterday morning, we learn, the foolhardy man went out to rehearse the dangerous feat. He succeeded in getting more than half across, at a point between the Falls and the Great Island-bridge, when one of his stilts broke or gave way, and he was instantly in the rapids. Fortunately the place of the accident was directly above Robinson's Island, a small piece of wooded land which lies to the right of Lunn Island and very near the brink of the American fall. He succeeded in struggling to the shore of this island, and dragged himself from the water. He had apparently sustained a painful injury in one of his limbs. The poor man was soon discovered sitting very comfortably on a log at the edge of the island. A large and not very sympathizing crowd collected on the Goat Island-bridge and elsewhere, but up to yesterday afternoon not an effort had been made to rescue the unfortunate man. In fact, our informant tells us that in a few hours public curiosity would have satiated itself, and scarcely any excitement was visible. Farini's frightful perch is about 800 or 1,000 feet below the bridge before spoken of, and undoubtedly a rope could be floated to him, and thereby a cable perhaps be swung, by which the man is not too much exhausted or injured, he might be able to effect an escape. It is feared, however, that before anything is done he will be incapable, from lack of food and nervous excitement, to help himself. At present he can be distinctly decried, cool enough apparently, but making not the slightest effort to attract attention or signal for relief. He is in his tight and bareheaded, and is seen frequently to rub and press his wounded limb. A more frightful predicament than that he is in could not easily be conceived. We understand that some persons suppose Farini to be playing a practical joke, or to be practising an advertising dodge. It is scarcely possible that this can be the case, or that any such felicitous results can come from such a desperate looking state of things. From the latest reports it appears that Farini was still a prisoner on Robinson's Island, about 200 feet above the American Falls, and where the rapids have a tremendous velocity. His partner had succeeded in effecting a line of refreshment communication with the forlorn silt-walker, who had been in his uncomfortable position over forty hours. What steps are being taken to rescue him, if any, are not known. A large crowd was expected down from Buffalo and Rochester to see the sad spectacle. The condition of this poor fellow was really heart-rending. He was within speaking distance of the shore, but the throngs who had assembled to witness his critical situation were powerless to help him."

FATAL RIOTS IN BELFAST.

The illustration in the front page represents a scene at Belfast during the recent riots there. These disturbances have, we regret to say, been attended with loss of life and great destruction of property. Some days ago there was an O'Connell demonstration in Dublin, which was declared to be the formal inauguration of a renewal of the "Young Ireland" agitation. The demonstration at Dublin provoked a counter display at the Orange head quarters, Belfast, which in its turn provoked the Belfast Roman Catholics, the result being the deplorable riots we are about to describe. On the day of the Dublin meeting, an effigy of O'Connell, with the hands in a begging attitude, and a large wallet at the side, was, by several thousands of the millworkers, with files and drums, paraded up and down Sandy Row. The proceedings continued from about eight to ten o'clock, the effigy having been set on fire on Boyne Bridge at about nine, amid a scene of much noise and laughter. On the following day the persons who burned the effigy determined to bury the ashes. Accordingly a real coffin was purchased, large numbers of the millworkers assembled, and having formed in procession, with files and drums in front, playing a dead march, varied with lively airs, followed by the empty coffin, on which were five blue lights, or Roman candles, burning, and in the rear a dense mass of millworkers, boys and girls, in their working costumes, just as they left work—the girls with bare heads, loose jackets, short petticoats, and for the most part unshod. The coffin was borne to the Friar's Bush burying-ground, a distance of about a mile and a half, but they were refused admittance. The coffin was then carried in mock solemnity to the Boyne-bridge again, where it was burned, and the embers thrown into the Blackstaff. Hitherto no damage had been done, and the greater part of the crowd then dispersed. The mob in Pound-street, however, were made aware of what was going on, and at once set off to wreak their vengeance in some way on some other object, in consequence of the manner in which the "Liberator's" memory had been dishonoured. The first stones thrown were directed against the Albert-street meeting-house and the Wesleyan Methodist place of worship in Davis-street—nearly all the glass in the front windows of both being smashed. Several houses in which Protestants lived in the Pound district were served in the same way, and a number of others received polite intimations to leave, which they were not long in acting upon. A man named Montgomery, living in English-street, and owner of a number of houses there, was driven out of his house in the night, and his furniture taken out and broken in the street. The millworkers of both sides going to work, at between five and six o'clock, made several attacks on individuals, but nothing of a very serious nature occurred until the evening, when an attack was made on Brown-square by the Roman Catholic party, and a serious encounter took place between them and the persons who sallied forth to protect their houses, and who successfully repelled the assault. The Pound party then retired beaten to their dens, from whence they emerged again in a short time, armed with bricks and paving-stones, of which they had a plentiful stock in store, and attacked the constabulary with showers of these missiles, wounding five or six severely. One of the local police was badly cut on the head. The utmost exasperation prevailed on both sides, and no mercy was given or received by either. The most formidable fight occurred on the Boyne Bridge, where a serious collision took place between the Sandy-row millworkers and the constabulary, the latter being compelled to fire, killing one man and wounding another. It appeared that a guard of about twenty constabulary had been placed on the bridge to protect the millworkers of the opposite party who might wish to go to work. Some unpleasant occurrences or words took place between them, which ended in a ferocious attack by the Sandy-row people on the constabulary stationed there, and these were, amid heavy volleys of stones, obliged to beat a hasty retreat into some adjacent houses. The alarm was at once sent to Albert-crescent, and Sub-Inspector Caulfield and about a hundred men, with bayonets fixed, advanced at double quick time, and on arriving near the bridge were halted and formed into two bodies, the one acting as the support of the other. Here the men were ordered to load, and this, instead of intimidating the mob, seemed to add tenfold fury to their anger, and volleys of stones were sent in showers amongst the police, who had much difficulty, by dodging, to escape injury. Shots were also fired. When the constabulary loaded they were ordered to advance and carry the bridge, and this they did under a galling fire of well-directed missiles. Orders were then given to fire, and immediately the sharp ring of the Mads rifle was heard, amid the screams of the women who were in the rear, and the loud shouts of defiance at their opponents. Several rounds were fired down Sandy-row. One man was killed and another received a severe scalp wound from a ball. The moment the constabulary retired from the bridge it was immediately re-occupied by the mob, yelling like demons, and challenging the constables to come on again. In addition to hundreds of persons who were wounded, and not taken to the hospital, not less than thirty casualties occurred, resulting in several deaths. The great incident was the engagement between the navvies (Catholics) and the ship-carpenters (Orangemen), which ended in the former being driven into the bed of Belfast Lough, where they were fired upon by their opponents. The Belfast Newsletter gives the following detailed account of the fight, evidently tinged, however, with a strong partisan feeling.

"Yesterday morning a number of the navvies returned to work at the docks, and continued working till about two o'clock. At this time the spirit which has actuated them for some time past again manifested itself. They ceased work, and collected themselves together at a point of the docks nearest to Mr. Coates's foundry. They were armed with spades, shovels, and pitchforks, and numbered about perhaps 100. They had also some firearms, which they commenced discharging in the direction of the foundry. Still the workmen in the foundry paid no attention to their menaces, and allowed them to carry on their bragadoos without opposition. About half-past two, however, the navvies determined to add insult to their previous conduct, and sent a challenge to the men employed in Mr. Coates's. This was more than the men of spirit could bear, and they accordingly turned out en masse. They were soon joined by the iron-ship builders employed on the Queen's Island, and the combined party marched towards the new dock. The navvies did not then present a very formidable appearance, as only about a dozen men could be seen. Of course this small number was forced to retreat. The Protestant party gave chase, but had not gone far when the entire navvies presented themselves from behind a sort of breastwork, and fired into the pursuing party. The latter, having no arms, retreated a little, but only for a short distance. The news of the conflict soon spread along the quays and the ship-carpenters, with a promptitude and readiness which have always distinguished them in cases where their friends were in danger, turned out from their work, well supplied with every kind of weapon and some firearms. In the interval which occurred before this turn-out, the navvies had commenced their usual practices. A woman, the friend of a ship-carpenter, was passing near the scene of action, when she was attacked and unmercifully beaten. At this juncture the ship-carpenters joined their friends, and to the number of about 150, the party marched direct to face their cowardly opponents. Firing on both sides was commenced, the navvies hiding themselves behind a barrier or other protection from their opponents. While there they commenced waving their shovels and cursing freely. They said they 'could beat all the Orange', or any of King William's—in the town.' They shouted, yelled, and jumped about in a manner more becoming fiends than men. Up to this time the ship-carpenters seemed unwilling to chastise the ruffians, but being unable to stand the insult longer, they rushed upon the bravadoes. Some parties, evi-

dently friends of the navvies, shouted to them to run. The advice was immediately followed, and these 'gallant' fellows, who for some days past have intimidated the entire Protestant community, took to flight, like a parcel of sheep after their leader. So anxious were they to escape from the men they had but a moment before dared to combat, that they cast away their weapons in order to facilitate their flight. They directed their course towards the railway bridge at Thomson's Bank, but this they were afraid to cross, as the carpenters were pressing them closely, so they crossed the river up to the waist in water. During this retreat shots were fired at them, and many of them were wounded. The carpenters crossed by the bridge, and marched at a double-quick, in regular military order, carrying guns, pistols, axes, and hatchets. The navvies made towards the boat-house at the point of the bank, but many were overtaken and beaten. Here they were completely hemmed in. To turn back was to meet their pursuers, and the other course open was to proceed onward over the slobland through mud and water. In their difficulty they ran to the Customs station then, and attempted to take one of the boats in which to escape. In this, however, they were foiled, as Mr. James Greer, Customs officer, and some of his men, turned out, and prevented them carrying their intention into effect. At the same time Mr. Greer took two rifles from the party, which he retained in his possession. The whole party were then forced to take the slobland. They gained one of the Twin Islands, where they believed themselves perfectly safe; but their hopes were destined to be short-lived. The ship-carpenters followed, and chased them some distance across the slobland in the direction of Whitehouse. Shortly after four o'clock, Mr. Lyons and Mr. James Thompson arrived at Prince's Dock with a large force of police. This force continued their march to the boat-house. The magistrates then proceeded to Durham-street, and returned with a party of Hussars, who were shortly after followed by a company of infantry. Their services, however, were not required, as everything was over before either police or military had arrived. When the authorities were informed of the position in which the navvies were placed, a party of police were ordered to proceed along the Shore-road. Having arrived there they saw some of the navvies in great difficulty, being wholly unable to make their way across the slobland. Three of the constabulary, it is said, waded through mud to their assistance. One fellow was found wholly unable to move in consequence of the wounds he had received at Thomson's Bank. A constable took him to the shore; and the other two constables helped in the removal of the navvies, many of whom had lost their shoes in the sand. Two were arrested for having firearms in their possession; and the others were allowed the protection of the constabulary till they reached their houses in town. Thus ended one of the most determined conflicts that has yet been experienced in these riots. The intelligence of the crushing defeat of the navvies by the invincible ship-carpenters was hailed in Sandy-row and the vicinity with intense joy. The victors firmly declare that they will have no more 'nonsense.'

HORRIBLE SCENE IN A GAOL.

We copy the following from the Montreal Herald of July 29:—"The rumors of the loss of life and destruction of the court-house and prison of St. Schastique are too true. On Tuesday night, between the hours of eleven and twelve o'clock, the fire was first discovered in the court-house, in that portion of the first floor occupied as a kitchen by the gaoler, Mr. Quinn. The servant sleeping in the adjoining room was the first who gave the alarm; this was about fifteen minutes to twelve o'clock. On awakening Mr. Quinn immediately descended to examine where and to what extent the building was on fire, but instead of instantly returning he left the building to alarm the sheriff, who resided about an acre and a half distant. When he returned it was too late; the fire and smoke had extended from the kitchen to the only stairway leading to the cells. It is but right to say Mr. Quinn told Mrs. Quinn and the warden to release the prisoners, should they think it requisite, before he returned. Mrs. Quinn deserves credit for making exertions to do so; but unfortunately she was overpowered by the smoke that filled the doorway, and, becoming exhausted, had barely time to return to her own room and rescue her three little children, the youngest being an infant. About this time the alarm was general, the villagers rallying to render such assistance as they best could. Picture their horror on finding that within that burning tomb were six human beings on the point of perishing by the fire, if not speedily released from without. The shrieks of the three men confined in the inner cells imploring aid could be heard above all other noises. Men seemed paralyzed. The cells are built to contain one prisoner in each; and each has a heavy iron-grated door at its entrance, bolted and locked. So confined, the inmates could not leave their cells to appear at the outer-grated window. The fire was now in the story below them, and spreading with great rapidity. No ladders to ascend the windows could be found about the premises; but from a church, at a distance of a quarter of a mile, one was subsequently obtained. Fortunately the flooring between the fire and the prisoners was thick and deadened, keeping it from them at the time. When the ladder arrived a man mounted it, taking with him a sledge hammer. In a moment the sill of the passage window was broken to atoms, and the iron bars gave way. Two courageous men now jumped to the bottom of the passage ten feet in depth. They had no key to open the doors of the cells, but the sledge hammer was handed to them, and a few strokes did the work. The prisoners were now released from the cells, but death yet stared them and their rescuers in the face, for the window was ten feet from the floor; but ropes were handed to them in time, and they escaped with life. While these events were taking place in the second story, three more unfortunate prisoners were known to be in the story above them. These were not confined in cells, and they had full access to the windows, at one of which was one of the unfortunate victims piteously imploring, 'Monsieur Dieu, sauvez nous! sauvez nous!' Above her pale face the dense black smoke curled as if gloating over its intended victim. To relieve her now was beyond the power of man. Men, women, and children, who were spectators of the scene, fell on their knees, praying the Almighty to pity her. At the topmost step of this fragile ladder were the feet of the Rev. M. Barnabe, with hands clasped the iron bars, imploring the poor creature to prepare to meet her God. Here this good, pious man, at the risk of his life, gave the dying creature the last consolation of his Church. Ere it was completed, the black smoke became red, and in it the poor girl fell back to be neither heard nor seen again. Her mother and sister were victims with her, but neither of them was seen or heard from the outside. Suffocation, no doubt, came early over them. These three women had been confined for destroying a new-born infant. The eldest daughter had given birth to it, and her mother was accused of the strangling of it. The poor young girl whom we saw at the window was held as a witness against them. To-day the remains of one of them were found in the stove. No doubt the poor creature had forced herself into it in an attempt to save her life."

CONTUMACIOUS COURT.—The daughter of a furniture broker, a good-looking girl of about twenty, was fined £10 for contempt of court by Mr. J. B. Aspinall, the recorder of Liverpool. A writ was served upon the girl's mother in a wrong name. The daughter, although she had nothing to do with the action, appeared at the court of passage as the defendant, and sought to obtain a verdict on the technical point that the writ had been served on the wrong person. The Recorder said the girl knew perfectly well that the writ was intended for her mother, and she had resorted to this trick to mislead the court; the correctness of the name was immaterial, and a verdict was entered for the plaintiff.

The Court.

The royal saddle yacht O-borne is ordered to be prepared for the reception of their royal highnesses the Prince and Princess of Wales, who are about to proceed on a visit to King Christian of Denmark, the father of the princess, at Copenhagen. The Prince and Princess will also visit Stockholm and other ports in the Baltic. Dr. Mirer, of her Majesty's yacht Victoria and Albert, has been selected by his royal highness the Prince of Wales as medical officer in attendance on board the Osborne during the Baltic voyage.

THE PRACTICAL GARDENER.

A storm of "thunder, lightning, hail, and rain" swept over the metropolis on Sunday morning last, and although a considerable quantity of rain fell for about an hour, it was only sufficient to moisten the surface of the earth. The ground beneath is still dry and parched. Appearances indicate a further fall of rain, which is so much needed in order to get on with the

GARDENING OPERATIONS FOR THE WEEK.

KITCHEN GARDEN.—Should the weather continue dry it will still be almost useless to proceed with much sowing and planting, unless plenty of water is at hand. Every available piece of ground should, therefore, be got in readiness. Carrots for spring use may be sown on a light, well-drained piece of ground. Prick out seedlings of celery to grow strong for final transplanting. Continue planting out cabbage of all kinds for main spring crop. Make a last sowing of green curled endive. When the heads of artichokes are gathered, cut off the stems close to the ground, and remove the dead leaves. Sow cauliflower to be protected through the winter in frames. Plant out the third sowing of lettuce from the seed-bed in favourable weather. Make an additional sowing of lettuce for transplanting in the autumn, or to remain in the seed-bed for spring. Sow onions thickly—the White Lisbon, Tripoli, or Strasbourg—in beds, to stand the winter; tread down the seed, and rake it in regularly. Sow spinach for winter crop. Plant sage, thyme, mint, balm, savory, &c., in sheltered weather, to become well established before the winter. Sow last crop of turnips, and thin former sowings. Give vegetable marrows plenty of water, and cover the ground between the runners with short grass, to prevent evaporation; also give French beans plenty of water, to prolong their productive-ness.

FLOWER GARDEN.—Finish potting auriculas. Let them be exposed in favourable weather night and day, but protected from the sun and heavy rains. Pot off rooted cuttings of bedding-out stock into small pots. Plant biennials and perennials, such as Canterbury bells, sweetwilliams, wallflowers, plinks, carnations, seedling hollyhocks, &c., in sheltered weather, to become well established in the ground before winter. Water dahlias liberally of an evening, and cut away all superfluous shoots. Propagate good sorts of hollyhocks by cuttings. Prune roses. Keep herbaceous plants neatly tied up. Look to climbers, and keep them to their proper limits.

FRUIT GARDEN.—Proceed at once in making fresh beds of strawberries. Fix nets in the branches of peach and nectarine trees to catch the falling fruit. Remove shreds, nails, wool, &c., that interfere with the swelling of wall fruit. Use the engine or syringe pretty freely of an evening to water the trees; also, plenty of root watering.

THE KING OF SPAIN.

PRINCE MARIE-FERDINAND-FRANCOIS D'ASSIS at present the guest of the Emperor of the French, says *La France* was born on the 13th of May, 1822. On the 10th of October, 1845, he married his cousin-German, Isabelle II, the reigning Queen of Spain, and on that occasion was named King, with all the honorary prerogatives attached to that title. He is the eldest son of Don Francisco de Paul, born in 1794, the second brother of King Ferdinand VII, and Louise Charlotte, daughter of Francis I, King of the Two Sicilies. He is one of the descendants, in the eighth degree, of Philip V, the founder of the reigning dynasty. It will be remembered that Charles II, King of Spain and of Naples, died without posterity, on the 1st of November, 1700, after making a will, declaring heir of the whole Spanish monarchy Philip of France, Duke of Anjou, son of the Dauphin, and grandson of Louis XIV. That act delivered Spain from the House of Austria, which had ruled there for two centuries. It gave rise to a terrible war, which elevated the Archduke Charles, afterwards Emperor of Austria, as Charles VI. That prince induced England, Holland, Prussia, and Portugal, to take part in upholding his claims. Louis XIV displayed immense energy in making head against that formidable coalition. He accepted the will of Charles II, his grandson proceeded to Madrid, and was proclaimed King, as Philip V. The enemy's armies invaded his States, he was compelled to leave his capital, but the victories gained by Marshal Berwick at Almanza in 1767, and by Vendome at Villaviciosa in 1710, strengthened his tottering throne. That war lasted twelve years, and terminated by the glorious victory of Denain, which, in 1713, led to the Treaty of Utrecht, by which Europe recognised and sanctioned the rights of Philip V. That Prince was succeeded by his son, Ferdinand VI, who died in 1759, and who was succeeded by his brother, Charles IV, in 1788. He had himself three sons; King Ferdinand VII, who died in 1833; the infant Don Carlos, who died at Trieste, in March, 1855; and the infant Don Francisco de Paul, father of the present King of Spain. On the 29th of March, 1835, Ferdinand VII promulgated the "Pragmatic Sanction," suppressing the Salic law introduced into Spain in 1700; that measure assured the Crown to his daughter Isabelle. Queen Christina, his widow, having become regent, promulgated a Liberal Constitution, and introduced a representative form of Government into Spain, displaying, amidst the most difficult circumstances, an intelligence and courage beyond all praise. Her daughter, Queen Isabelle, whose majority was proclaimed on the 8th of November, 1843, has always governed constitutionally. To her Spain is indebted for railways and other works of public utility. She is the wife of the present King.

A CUT-THROAT MARTYR.—A letter from Ascoli, in the *Opinione* of Turin, gives an account of the death of a notorious bandit, called Nardini, but better known by the nickname of Formosa. The authorities of Ascoli, being informed of his whereabouts, contrived to conceal four men in an unoccupied house, where he was accustomed to take refuge, while a party of grenadiers were sent to patrol the neighbourhood. Nardini, aware of the presence of the grenadiers, repaired to the house, in order to escape observation, but was surprised by the men concealed in it, and in attempting to defend himself was shot down. The mountaineers hastened to the place whence the report proceeded, and began to threaten the soldiers, who, however, got hold of the cure and another man, and swore they would shoot them if the slightest demonstration was made. The grenadiers soon came up and conveyed the prisoners away, bound hand and foot. Nardini's wife at first bewailed the death of her husband, but soon brightening up, she exclaimed, "Why should I cry when my husband is now in heaven, receiving the crown of martyrdom?"

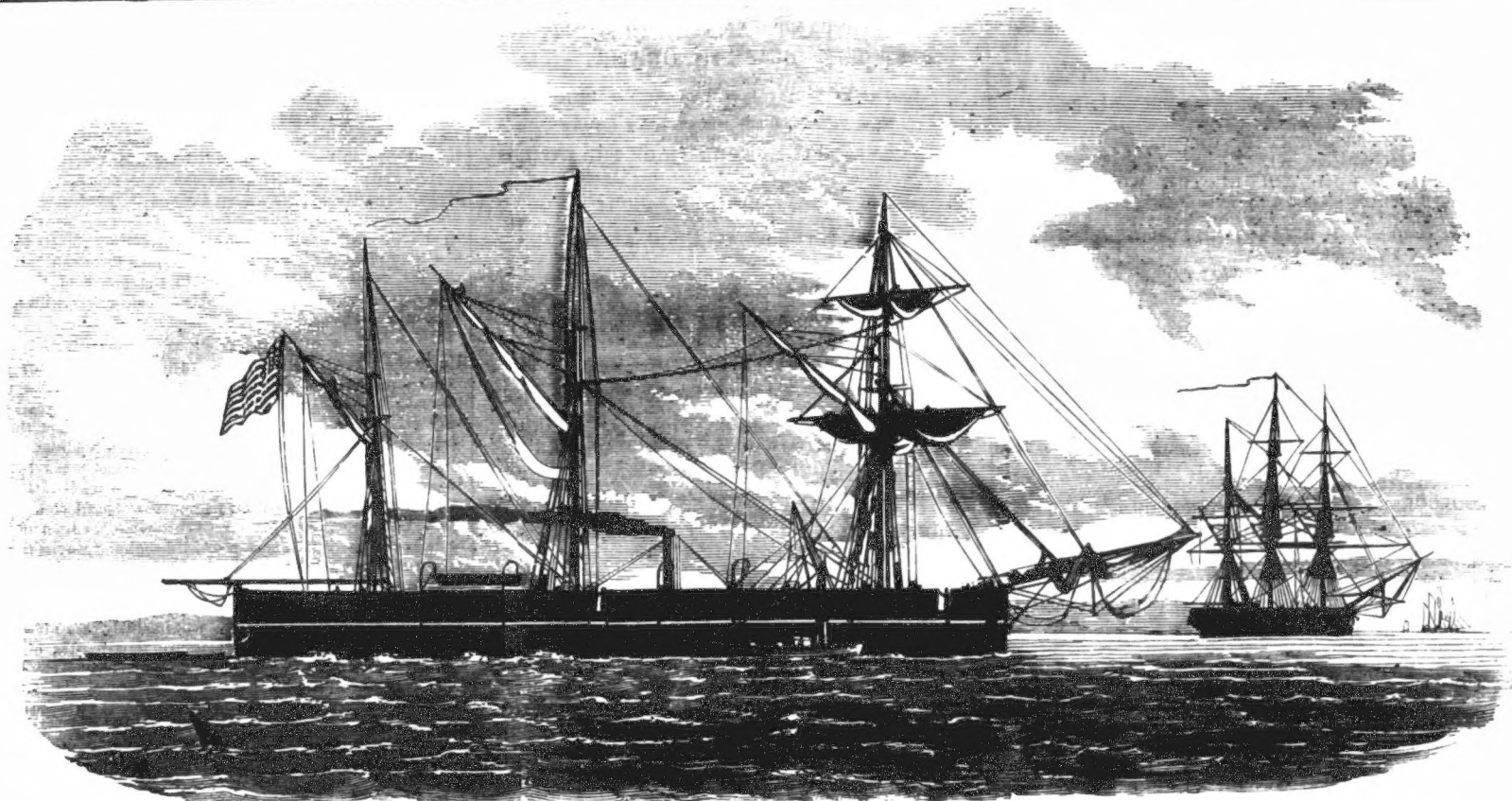
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THE AMERICAN WAR—INSIDE THE CONFEDERATE LINES AT PETERSBURG (See page 162.)



THE AMERICAN WAR—SPRINGING OF THE MINE PRIOR TO THE ASSAULT ON PETERSBURG. (See page 162.)



THE AMERICAN WAR.—FLOATING BATTERY OF ADMIRAL FARRAGUT'S FLEET BEFORE MOBILE. (See page 162.)

THE PLACE DE LA CONCORDE DURING THE PARISIAN FETES.

THE Place de la Concorde, of which we give an engraving, is one of the most charming, beautiful, and interesting scenes which any capital of modern Europe can present to the arrested eye of a pleased and surprised stranger. It was originally known as the Place de la Louis XV; and a statue of that dissolute monarch was erected in its centre in the year 1763, but destroyed by order of the Legislative Assembly in 1792.

A short time afterwards, a colossal figure of Liberty was placed on the spot previously occupied by the royal statue, and the former Place de Louis XV was called the Place de Revolution. At the foot of the statue, in the following year, Louis XVI was executed, and the revolutionary guillotine was established there for some time. During the Consulate, Napoleon ordered a national monument to be erected in place of the statue of Liberty, and the name of the place was then changed to that of the Place de la Concorde. During the Restoration, in lieu of the column, which had scarcely been commenced, it was proposed to raise an expiatory monument to the memory of Louis XVI. The pedestal alone had been erected when the revolution of 1830 occurred.

At present, the spot which had been variously occupied is filled by the Obelisk of Lousquor.

At the end of 1828, the Viceroy of Egypt offered the two obelisks of Alexandria to England and France, but Champollion, the celebrated Egyptian student and scholar, who had seen the obelisks of Alexandria, solicited that one of the obelisks situate before the palace of Lousquor, on the right bank of the Nile, might be sent to Paris, in place of the one which had been offered. Mehemet Ali consented, and a vessel was despatched up the Nile to Thebes, where eight hundred men, under the direction of Lebas the engineer, succeeded in displacing the monument and bringing it on board. On the 26th October, 1826, the Place de la Concorde was filled with an immense concourse of persons, anxious to witness the hoisting and deposition of the obelisk on its pedestal, where it was at length placed in the presence of the king, and amidst universal acclamation.

At twenty or thirty yards north or south of the obelisk are two fountains, which are said to have been erected in honour of ocean and river navigation. It must be remembered by those who think that the French do not appreciate the advantages of maritime intercourse, that the city of Paris has, inappropriately enough, selected a ship for its arms.

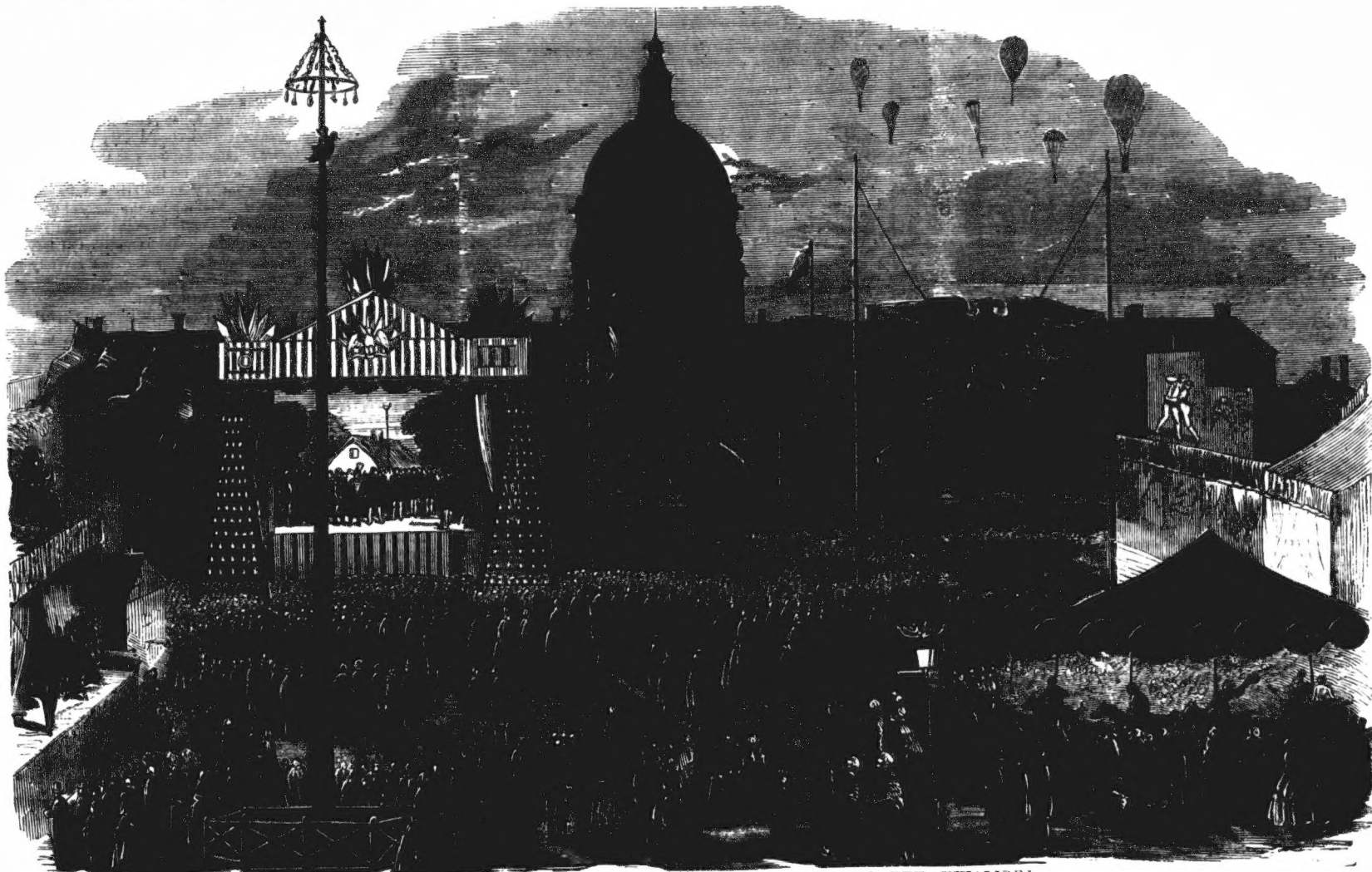
Around the Place de la Concorde are eight personifications of the principal towns of France: Lyons, Marseilles, Bordeaux, Rouen, Nantes, Lille, Toulouse, and Strasbourg.

A better idea of the beauty of the Parisian buildings and promenades is obtained from the centre of the Place de la Concorde than from any other spot in the capital.

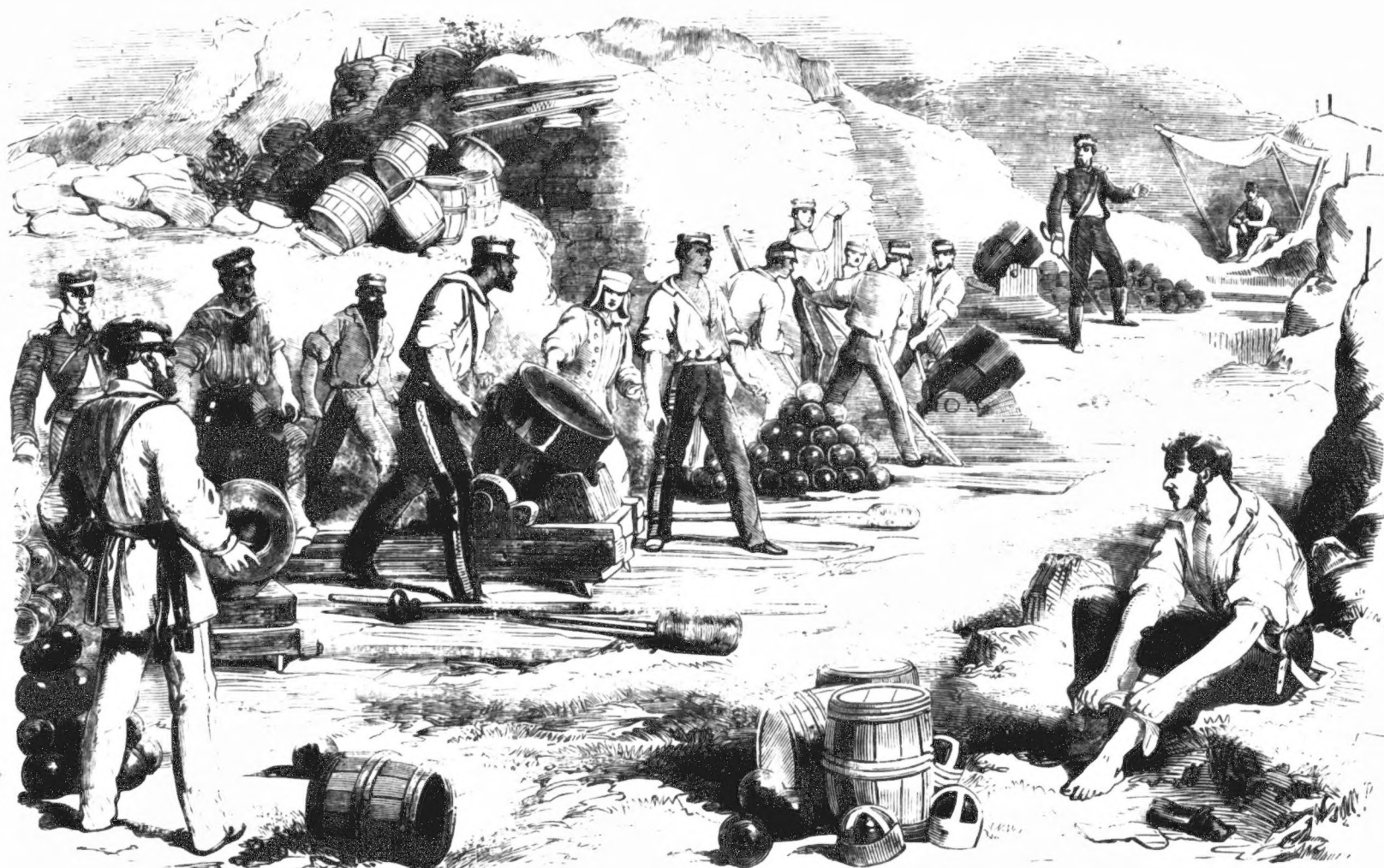
On the south, across the Seine, is seen Pont de la Concorde, leading to the Corps Legislatif. Opposite the Pont de la Concorde is the Rue Royale, leading to the church of the Madeleine, which was built to correspond with the Corps Legislatif, and which is in a straight line with it. On the east is the Garden of the Tuilleries, and at the end of its principal walk the palace itself is seen. On the west, the avenue of the Champs Elysees, terminating with the Arc du Triomphe, presents itself. Of the two handsome buildings which form the corners of the Rue Royale, the one on the left is devoted to the Ministry of Marine.

THE RECENT PARIS FETE.

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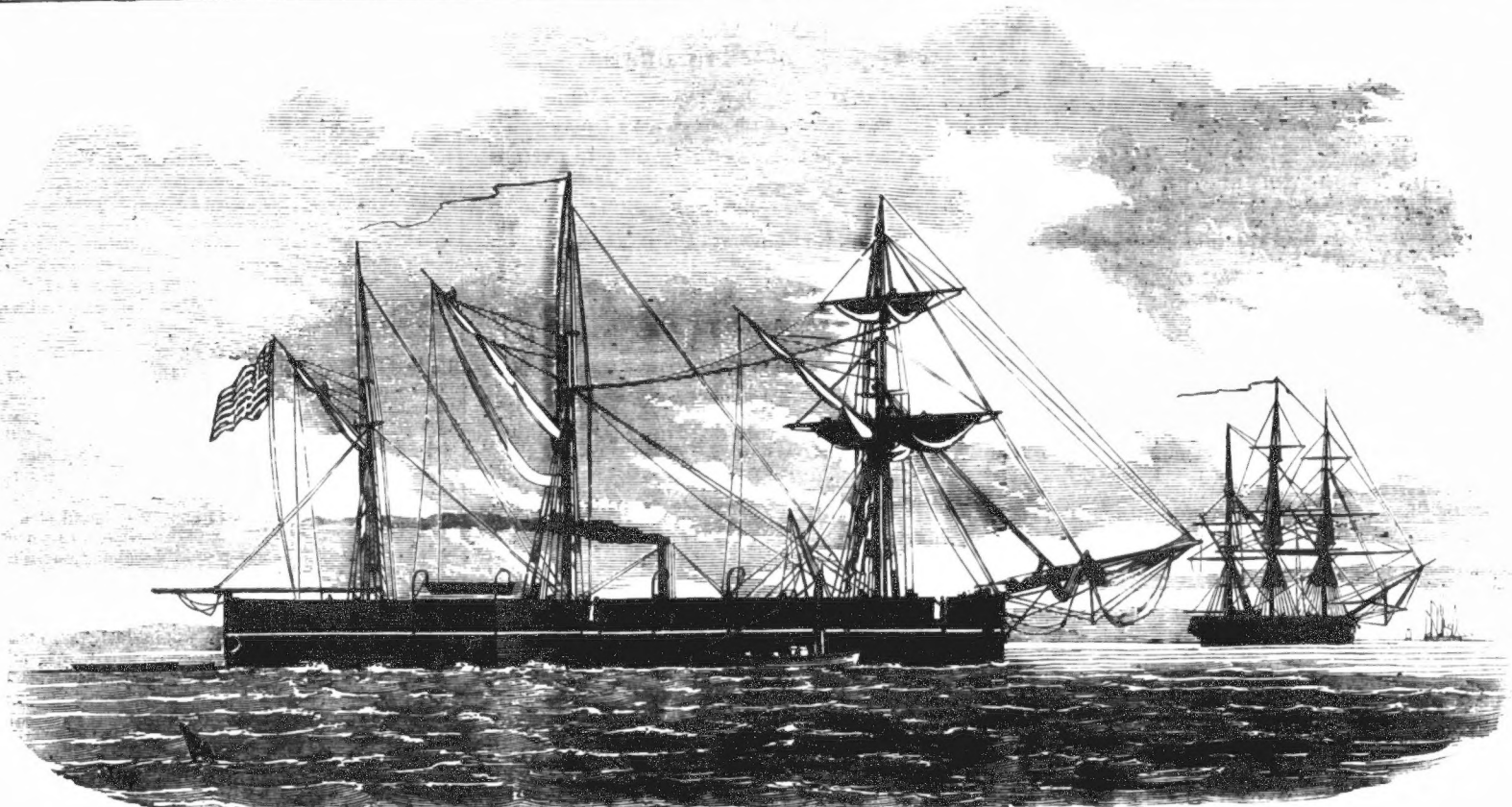
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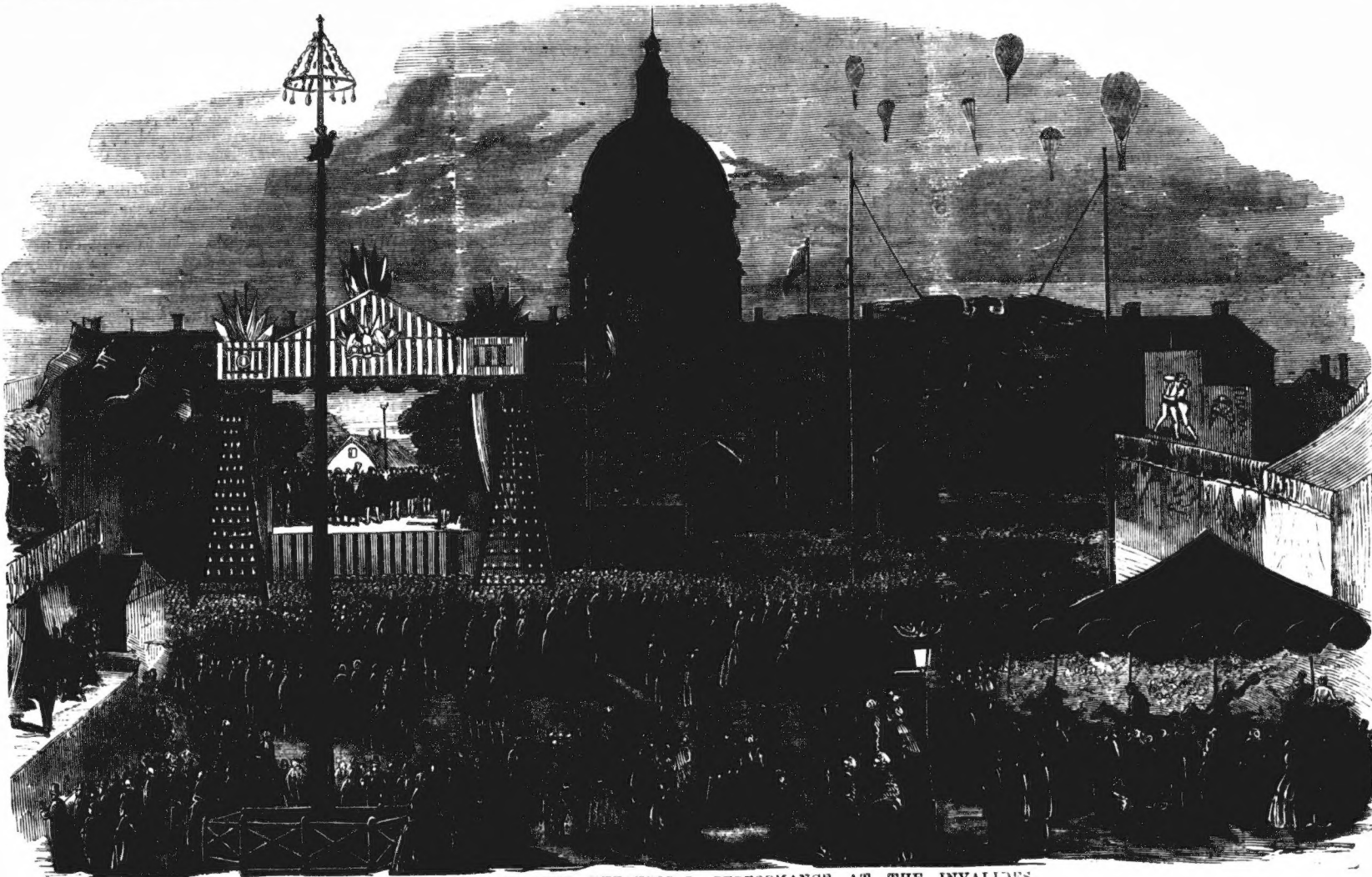
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CALENDAR FOR THE WEEK.

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D.	B.	A. M.	P. M.
27	British bombardment of Algiers, 1816	10 6	10 45
28	Fourteenth Sunday after Trinity	11 23	11 59
29	Leigh Hunt died, 1859	...	0 28
30	Peacocks defeated at Manassas, 1863	0 54	1 16
31	John Bunyan died, 1688	1 36	1 53
1	St. Giles. Partridge shooting begins	2 10	2 26
2	Fifteen persons killed on Hampstead Rail, 1861	2 44	2 59

Moon's changes.—New Moon 1st, 6h. 8m. a.m.

Sunday Lessons.

MORNING.

Jeremiah 5; Acts 26.

AFTERNOON.

Jeremiah 22; 1st John 5.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

. Correspondents finding their questions unanswered will understand that we are unable to do so, either from their peculiarity, or that our correspondents with little trouble could readily obtain the information themselves.

. All communications for the Editor must contain name and address defaced manuscripts will not be returned.

PUBLISHING DEPARTMENT.—All letters to be addressed to Mr. JOHN DICKS, 313, Strand. Persons unable to prepare the PENNY ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY News from newspapers, or agents, may forward the amount for a single number, or for a term of subscription, by money order, payable to Mr. JOHN DICKS, or to the journal street from the office. A Quarter's subscription is 2s. 6d. for the STRAITS REVIEW. It is particularly requested that Subscribers will send their address in full to prevent misdirection of the paper. The termination of a Subscription will be indicated by the journal being sent in a Mus wrapper. Receipt stamps cannot be received in payment of a subscription to this journal.

G. W. B.—The title and index to vol. 2 of Bow BELLS was issued with No. 30, old series. It is still on sale at our Office, price one penny, free by post; or, on order. Cases to bind the same may also be had, price 1s. 9d.

J. W. (Pennsylvania).—Thanks for the sketch, but it is not of sufficient interest.

E. T. (Canterbury).—The naval schools at Greenwich Hospital are reserved to sons of seamen and officers of the navy.

A. POOR MAN.—After having advertised and taken measures to discover the ownership of the note, you could not be criminally punished for applying the same to your own purposes; but should on other afterwards be found, proceedings could be taken for the recovery of the note.

E. H.—An application to be bound to serve the will of his late master.

A. PARENT.—By agreement to the Bathampton Free Grammar School pay, if what are called foundationers, £5 a-year; and non-foundationers, £3 a-year.

N. P.—The President steamer sailed from New York on the 11th of March, 1864, and has never been heard of since.

AGRICULTURE.—A candidate for admission as a student at the Royal Academy must present a letter requesting to be admitted as a pupil, accompanied by a certificate from a clergyman as to his moral character, and a specimen of his progress in the art.

. We have received a lithographic plan and particulars of Booth's plan for rendering security to railway travelling, which will be fully noticed in our next.

THE PENNY ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWS.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 27, 1864.

REGISTERED FOR TRANSMISSION ABROAD.

AFTER a week of such anarchy as could hardly have disgraced any other city in Europe, the Belfast riots have, we may hope, come to an end—that is, ungovernable mobs do not for the time march roaring through the streets, the crack of musketry is not heard in the distance, passengers can move to and fro without fear of a shower of brickbats, solitary strays into the enemy's camp may possibly escape without an inquiry into their religious opinions, made more impressive by the yells of the questioners and the brandishing of their bludgeons. Let us be thankful for the actual cessation of bloodshed, and not look forward to the consequences of this outbreak, for they will be melancholy enough. There was no love to lose between Orangemen and Papist; but still, with the progress of enlightenment, some kind of confidence had grown up, and there were hopes that the two factions might have been content to live at peace. But these hopes must now vanish. For years the "Pound" and "Sandy-row" must be names of sus-

picion to the Government of Ireland. No prosperity, no abundance of work and wages, no increase of education, no good advice and peaceful examples from the leading people of the place, no sermons or lectures, can give any security that in an hour the city may not be filled with raging bands of fanatics thirsting for the blood of their enemies in race and religion. Least of all can the nation place any confidence in those who are in authority in the town, or anticipate from them that tact and energy and courage which alone can calm or daunt a multitude. Fierce sectarian hatreds among the people, awakened to a new life by the blood spent last week, are to be dealt with by municipal authorities who have shown their entire unfitness to govern at a time of danger. For months to come there can be no security for peace in Belfast except in the power of the general Government, acting through an able military officer with a strong force at his command.

Up to the present time a sentence of penal servitude was passed under circumstances which necessarily robbed it of its natural terrors. It was frequently passed for short terms of years; these very periods were liable to extensive abbreviation, and the boon was purchasable at a very cheap rate. All these conditions are now abolished together. No sentence of penal servitude can be passed for less than five years; if the offence does not merit this amount of punishment, it must be dealt with by punishment of a different kind. This provision will preserve such sentences from disregard or depreciation. In the next place, although the convict is not deprived of hope nor left without a motive for reformation, the limits of his opportunities are materially contracted and immovably fixed. A judge who consigns a man to a term of penal servitude will now know that the convict will infallibly pass nine months of that term in separate confinement, and three-fourths of the remainder in hard labour on public works. Possibly the sentence will be inflicted to the very letter, but it will undoubtedly and in every case be inflicted thus far. Consequently the lightest sentence of penal servitude known to the law will certainly carry with it nine months of solitary imprisonment, and upwards of three years' hard labour besides. No merits or cajolery on the part of the prisoner can release him from this fate. So far he must work out his lot without hope or expectation. But there is another innovation on the present system. "General good conduct," or, in other words, an adaptation of behaviour to the conditions of prison life, has hitherto constituted a currency with which a prisoner might purchase his freedom. This medium will be no longer recognised in such transactions. Good behaviour [will be] as indispensable as before, but it will not be reckoned of itself as conferring a title to the remission of punishment. Such remission is to be obtainable only by industry—"steady and laborious" industry, accompanied uniformly by satisfactory conduct. This rule is calculated to produce an excellent effect. Repentance and reform are so easily simulated, and obedience to discipline is in itself so convenient, that "good conduct" as measured by the partial eye of a prison chaplain had become a virtue of very doubtful worth. It is now depressed into the rank of a necessity, and merit can only be accumulated by performances of a more substantial kind. No man can counterfeit labour when labour is estimated by work performed, and if a prisoner not only behaves well, but works hard, he is giving, perhaps, as much evidence of genuine reformation as the nature of the case admits. Even thus, however, and by the very best conduct, he can but relieve himself of one-fourth of the term of his servitude remaining after his separate confinement. This condition, it will be seen, renders heavier sentences very heavy indeed. Ten years' penal servitude must, at the least, mean nearly seven; twenty years', upwards of fourteen; while the mitigation still attainable is only to be secured by a long and incessant endurance of actual toil. As to the worst of cases, those in which penal servitude is inflicted for life, it is now proposed that they should carry a life punishment in reality. For offenders so sentenced it is said there should be no hope—none, at least, of remission or freedom. They may earn some modification of their lot within the prison walls, but those walls they should never quit. Nothing but the mercy of the Crown, "extended on special grounds," should have the effect of returning them to society. For them there should be no ticket of leave, nor anything but perpetual imprisonment, more or less severely regulated.

SUPPOSED MURDER IN WORCESTERSHIRE.

The inhabitants of the quiet and picturesque little village of Ombesley, near Worcester, have been thrown into a state of great excitement by the discovery in the River Severn, near to the Holt, Fleet Lock, of the body of a woman, named Catherine Gulliver, aged forty-five, the housekeeper of John Beller, an old widower, who keeps the Holt Lock, and with whom she had lived for three or four years. On the body were marks of violence, and the old man is in custody, charged on suspicion of having murdered the unfortunate woman. From the evidence given before J. G. Watkins, Esq., and the Rev. C. J. Sale, at the magistrate's office, Worcester, it seems that on Saturday night, the 15th inst., the accused and the woman Gulliver quarrelled, as they had frequently done before. The old man ripped the bonnet from her head on her return with her marketings, and the woman sought refuge at a beerhouse. By the advice of the landlady the unhappy woman returned to her home about eleven o'clock, and shortly afterwards screams were heard by the neighbours. They were like the bleating of a sheep, and were heard six times, and then a woman's voice said, "You d— old scamp and villain!" The neighbours listened, but all was still afterwards, and they took no notice. Next morning the woman was missing, but the old man said she would be back in a day or so. She did not return, and rumours of foul play got abroad, and these led to the river being searched. Near to the lock the body was found. One eye was discoloured, there was a bruise about the size of a walnut on the forehead, and another on the lower jaw. Mr. Baskin, surgeon, of Ombesley, made a post mortem examination of the body, and states his opinion that the blow on the forehead might have been received by the woman as she was falling into the river, by her head coming into contact with something. The blow stunned her and rendered her unconscious, and in this state she died in the water. There was no evidence of death having resulted from drowning.

The accused does not offer any explanation, and it is said that for the last few months his head has been bad, and that he has appeared low and melancholy.

The magistrates have remanded the prisoner.

The average cost of coroner's inquests last year was £3 2s. 6d. each. In several counties the coroners are paid by salaries.

BREACH OF PROMISE BY A LADY AT LEEDS.

At the Leeds Assizes (Midland Circuit) the cause of *Lister v. Wray* came on for hearing before Mr. Justice Blackburn.

Mr. Digby Seymour, Q.C., and Mr. Middleton were counsel for the plaintiff; and Mr. Maule and Mr. Vernon Blackburn were for the defendant.

Mr. Middleton opened the pleadings. William Lister was the plaintiff, and Patience Wray the defendant. The declaration alleged that the plaintiff and the defendant agreed to marry, and that a reasonable time had elapsed, and the defendant refused to fulfil her promise. The defendant pleaded—first, that she and the plaintiff did not agree to marry; second, that she did not neglect and refuse; but that a reasonable time had not elapsed; and fourth, that the plaintiff was not ready and willing. Therefore issue was joined. The plaintiff claimed £1,000 damages.

The Judge: Is this really a case which the decency and respect of public justice render it desirable that it should come into court at all? A man may bring an action for breach of promise of marriage if the contract is not an illegal one; but I never knew an action in which a man recovered a shilling.

Mr. Seymour: I hope this will be an exception.

The Judge: Very well; if you think so, I don't blame you.

Mr. Seymour, in opening the case, said, after the intimation made by his lordship he had some diffidence in addressing the jury, but he thought he should be able to show that this case was surrounded by circumstances which made it an exceptional one. The plaintiff and the defendant were both somewhat advanced in years, and the story to be told was not one of blighted hopes and blasted affections, nor the case of a heart-broken swain seeking to remunerate with the lovely fair one who had disappointed his tenderest expectations. (Laughter.) It was a case of a more practical character. The plaintiff was on the shady side of fifty, and he believed the fair defendant—for he was told she still was fair—was somewhere between fifty-five and sixty-five, and preserved a good deal of her original charms, and no one could be much astonished at the plaintiff's selection. The plaintiff was formerly a canvas-dealer in Leeds, and perfectly eligible to seek to possess himself of the affections of the defendant, Mrs. Wray, who, at all events, had had great experience of the blessings of the connubial state, for though now a widow, she had thrice put on "the weeds" before. Her first husband was Mr. Constantine, and her second Mr. Hudson, both of whom left her in comfortable circumstances, and her third was Mr. Wray, and it was estimated that she was now in possession of £600 or £700 a-year. The plaintiff and defendant first became acquainted at Scarborough, before the death of the defendant's last husband; but when Mr. Wray died the acquaintance was renewed and a marriage contemplated. On the 15th of February the courtship had approached very nearly to the expected consummation, and a marriage settlement was drawn up at the office of Messrs. Barr, Nelson, and Barr. The license for the marriage was obtained at the office of Mr. Lampton, Superintendent Registrar, the plaintiff and defendant applying for it in company, and the Rev. Mr. Hudson was engaged to perform the ceremony in Salem Chapel on the 15th February. The carriages were ordered, the cooks were on the qui vive to prepare the wedding breakfast, and all promised fair for the auspicious tying of the hymeneal knot, when on the morning of the intended marriage the lady sent word to the plaintiff that she had changed her mind. (Laughter.) The fact was, said the learned counsel, that some friends or a nephew had interfered, who thought the disposition of £600 a year would be as well in his hands as those of Mr. Lister. (Laughter.) The learned counsel concluded by showing that by her breach of promise the defendant had deprived the plaintiff of that happiness which had glided the happiness of her previous husbands—had disappointed him of that solace which he was looking forward to in his declining years, and, worst of all, had lost the benefit of the enjoyment of a share in a handsome income. (Laughter.) The defendant at the last moment had snatched her fingers at the plaintiff, and held him up to ridicule before all Leeds—(laughter)—as the man who courted the rich widow, but had let the rich widow leave him in the lurch at last. (Loud laughter.) It might be said by those who heard this case—

"Tell me where is fancy bred,
Or in the heart or in the head;
How begot, how nourished,
Reply, reply!"

but the law was equal, just, and fair, and if the jury should be of opinion that the defendant had broken her promise, the plaintiff would be entitled to recover substantial damages from a person in her position.

Mr. W. West, tailor, Upperhead-row, Leeds, deposed that in 1863 he saw the plaintiff and defendant at Ilkley, and they appeared to enjoy each other's company. He never saw any act of familiarity between them such as a gentleman having his arm round the lady's waist. (Laughter.)

Cross-examined by Mr. Maule: Are you a judge of female beauty? Do you not think the lady is more than seventy-five?

Witness: I am not a judge of the lady's age; I should not like to name the lady's age.

Mr. Maule: Did you happen to be present once when the plaintiff's wig was blown off? (Great laughter.) Were you present when his wig was blown into a cherry-tree? Did you not remark that it would scare the crows there better than where it was before? (Laughter.)

The witness apparently made no answer, and like all the other people in court was convulsed with laughter.

Mr. Sedgwick, from the Superintendent Registrar's office, proved the application for and grant of a marriage license to the parties.

In answer to Mr. Seymour.

Mr. Sedgwick said Mrs. Wray looked sprightly for her years. The marriage settlement was put in evidence, showing that the defendant had secured £4,200 and other property to herself.

The Judge: The only symptom of good sense she has shown in the matter. You (to Mr. Seymour) claim damages as for a fortune-hunter, and not as a sentimental lover. The jury will estimate your claim. I suppose there is no doubt that, when the marriage license was asked for, there must have been a promise to marry. There cannot be much doubt about that.

The Rev. W. Hudson was called to prove that he had been engaged to marry the parties, and on the appointed day Lister called upon him to say that Mrs. Wray had been taken ill, and the wedding must be put off two or three days. (Laughter.) In answer to Mr. Seymour he said he did not think the match an unsuitable one as regarded age.

Miss Harriett Barr formerly lived in the service of the defendant, and said she had at times seen the plaintiff and defendant together. On the day before that fixed for the wedding a nephew of the defendant came over, and then the defendant told her she would never marry Lister. After the 15th plaintiff came to Mrs. Wray's for his carpet-bag, and she gave it him over the door, telling him that Mrs. Wray had gone away.

Cross-examined by Mr. Maule: Did you keep the door closed because you were afraid Mr. Lister would offer marriage to you? (Laughter.) No.

The Judge: It is clear upon the evidence there has been a promise, and that the lady did refuse to perform it. The learned counsel may address the jury if they like on the question of damages. I do not suppose the jury will think there are wounded feelings or blighted prospects which call for large damages.

Mr. Seymour: I do not ask for large damages, but I hope the jury will not insult him (the plaintiff).

The Judge: I hope they will. (Loud laughter.) Gentlemen, you will have to find a verdict for the plaintiff.

The Jury: The question with us is the amount which will carry costs.

The Judge: The question to be considered by you is whether this man's feelings as a fortune-hunter have suffered so as to call for compensation.

Mr. Seymour: My lord, do not call him a fortune-hunter.

The Judge: Well, then, a gentleman of fifty-five seeking to marry a widow of sixty-nine with a jointure. (Laughter.)

The jury then returned a verdict for the plaintiff—damages, one farthing.

There was a general cheer in the court on this result being announced. At first the judge did not attempt to suppress it, but as the outburst of congratulation became rather prolonged, his lordship interfered, and silence was immediately restored.

TERRIBLE MURDER IN FRANCE.

Two men, Jacques Latour, a baker, and Francois Audony, nicknamed Hercules, are now being tried in the south of France for a most remarkable assassination and robbery committed on the 9th of July last. The facts are these:—In the valley of the Arize, and close to the village La Bastide-Berplas, lies the chateau of Baillard, a straggling building. In this chateau lived an old bachelor, M. de Lasalle, and three servants, Jean Lacanel, the coachman, Pelagie Bycheire, the maid, and Ramonde Berge, the cook. M. de Lasalle had a considerable fortune, which he very much neglected; in fact, he was a miser, and preferred hoarding up his money even to investing it in Government securities. Public report greatly exaggerated his wealth. He left home but rarely, and had always guns and swords at hand. On the 25th of February last a valet remarked that the shutters of the chateau were closed at an unusually late hour. After making some inquiries, this man went into the courtyard of Baillard, and called Pelagie; finding no one in the kitchen, he went into the stable, where he saw several pools of blood, and in an obscure corner the body of the maid. He immediately gave the alarm, and an atrocious business was soon brought to light. The body of the maid Pelagie was discovered on the ground floor. In a wood close by lay the corpse of Jean Lacanel, where it had evidently been dragged from the stable. It is supposed that he was the first victim, and that Pelagie Bycheire was murdered after a long struggle, while attempting to assist him. On the first floor, where the two servants slept, was found the body of M. de Lasalle, at the foot of a bed, and behind the bed, half enveloped in the curtains, was Ramonde Berge, her head nearly severed from her body. It seemed as if she had been the last attacked, and had endeavoured to defend herself with the bed hangings. The assassin, to accomplish his crime, must have got on the bed, for the sheets showed the marks of muddy boots. It is supposed that M. de Lasalle was murdered in an adjoining room. The four bodies were frightfully mutilated, and the details of the different wounds showed that unheeded of ferocity had been practised on the victims after death. It is hard to account for this brutality otherwise than by supposing that the assassins were endeavouring to mislead justice. M. de Lasalle is said to have had no enemies, and the only motive for the perpetration of the crime was to obtain the treasure he was known to possess. Suspicion immediately fell on a man who went by the name of Pujol. He had been seen several times in the neighbourhood, and had disappeared directly after the assassinations. Had he remained quiet he might have escaped altogether; but he was taken up for wounding and robbery at St. Giron and Toulouse, and as the description given of him coincided with Pujol, the matter was examined, and he was found to be the same man who had been seen wandering round Baillard. His name was not Pujol, but Jacques Latour, he was an escaped convict, he had already been in prison for nine years, and his photograph was in every considerable police-station in France. A chain of circumstantial evidence was gone into. Poor before the crime, Latour had his pockets full of notes and gold a few days later. He announced his intention of settling in the neighbourhood and purchasing a farm, and he went so far as to ask the daughter of his host in marriage, but he soon got frightened and went further off. He continually heard the affair of La Bastide discussed, and when told that one of the assassins had been arrested, he declared the report to be false; and on another occasion, when the assassins were accused of having eaten by the side of the dead bodies of their victims, he replied "And why not? They were hungry." The evidence collected against Jacques Latour is nearly certain to lead to his conviction. He is supposed to have been aided by the other prisoner, against whom no very strong case has been made out. During the reading of the act of accusation the two accused men, Latour and Audony, were attentively examined. Latour is dark, and has a hard expression. His eye is black and brilliant, and he looked around the court with assurance. The lower part of his face projects, and gives him a menacing air, and he is of middle height. Audony, nicknamed Hercules, has a large head, forehead, and face; his neck is muscular, and his shoulders broad. He remains nearly always with his arms crossed. His voice is feeble, and contrasts strangely with his powerful frame. The accused listened to the reading of the act, which seeks to throw upon them the culpability of the death of four persons, with great attention. Latour assumed at times an astonished air, as if he was hearing something quite new to him. Audony seldom lifted his eyes, and he was remarked to reddens when a description was given of the horrible way in which the bodies of the murdered people had been mutilated. The prisoner Latour admitted having gone to the chateau to buy a chicken, addressing himself to Pelagie Bycheire, one of the victims. "You went into the chateau to buy the chicken?" "No, sir; I remained outside. We talked a little together. She told me, laughingly, 'Wait, I'll show you a pretty girl of fifteen years old.' I said, on seeing her, 'She has not had them long.' She then offered me a chicken, which she let me have for a franc and a half. She asked me where I was going. I said, 'By the road; when she told me I had better pass through the garden.' It was then she asked me if I was married. I said, 'No.' 'Well,' said she, 'if you would like to be married at La Bastide, I have five or six pieces, and you shall have your choice.' After this conversation—curious if true—thus related by the prisoner, the examination turned upon his previous crimes and accusations. He asserted that he was a phenomenon of Providence, who had ordained that he should be brought before the assizes of Arize to attest his innocence. There are no less than 150 witnesses to be examined, among them two sisters of M. de Lasalle, and the trial will likely occupy several days.

COUNTERFEIT GIFTS.—A good story is told in connexion with the recent Darbar at Simla for the reception of the Hill chiefs. These chiefs, who on their native hills handle very little gold, not having the gold coin of the realm which it is customary on such occasions to lay at the foot of the Viceregal throne, a *chevalier d'industrie* at Simla obligingly offered to supply them with it for an equivalent of the legal tender. The gold was speedily produced, and the delighted chiefs, with due pomp and circumstance, laid it at the viceregal feet. His excellency glanced at it, and, after a little mental arithmetic, decided on the value of khilluts to be given in return, and ordered their distribution. After the departure of the chiefs from the Darbar with their valuable khilluts, the gold coin which they had presented was found to be counterfeit.—*Times of India*, July 23.

These uncoloured teas are now supplied by Messrs. Baker and Baker Tea Merchants, London, through their agents in town and country. These teas combine the flavour with lasting strength, and are more wholesome than the tea in ordinary use, hence their great demand.—[*advertisement*.]

THE ADJOURNED INQUEST ON MR. BRIGGS.

On Monday morning Mr. John Humphreys, the coroner for East Middlesex, resumed the inquiry into the death of Mr. Thomas Briggs murdered in a railway carriage. The proceedings, as before, were held in the Vestry-hall of Hackney.

Mr. Godfrey Ferdinand Bepoch, 12½, Jewry-street, was called, and said he was a journeyman tailor, working for Mr. Hodgkinson. He knew a man named Franz Muller, who sometimes came to see him. Hafer lodged with witness, and he and Muller were great friends. He had known Muller two or three years, and he was in his house on the Friday, the day before Mr. Briggs's death. He came to witness's house and made some of his things there, witness having given him leave to come and make up his things there prior to going to America. He left Mr. Hodgkinson's about a fortnight before he left England. He could not tell at what time Muller left his house on the Friday. Muller came to witness's house again on the same day, and did some work for himself. Witness left home to go on his business, and left Muller there at about six o'clock. He did not know whether Muller kept company with any one. The next time he saw Muller was on the Monday morning between ten and eleven. He came to witness's house, and showed him a new chain. It was in his waistcoat pocket, and was not attached to his button-hole. It looked like a new chain. He did not see whether it was in a box. Muller said that when he went to take his ticket for the ship a German was there who had rings and chains, and that he bought it of him. Muller also showed him a ring. The chain produced was the one Muller showed him. Witness remembered that the stone was similar to that of a chain which Muller had previously. Muller told him he paid £3 15s for the chain, and 7s 6d for the ring. Witness had never seen that chain before Muller showed it to him. After taking back the chain Muller fixed it to his button-hole. He did not see that he had a watch. On the Monday morning Muller wore an overcoat and light trousers, the same dress witness had seen him wear previously. Witness observed to Muller, "You have got a new hat again." Muller replied, "I had this two months ago." He said he had only worn it three or four times, and that he only put it on on Sundays. It was a better hat than he was in the habit of wearing. Witness took it in hand and examined it, and Muller told him he had given 14s 6d for it. He did not notice the maker's name. Between twelve and one that day (Monday) he went away, and about five or six in the evening he returned. He went out with Hafer about half-past ten. Muller called on the following day and worked for himself as usual. The same took place on Wednesday. On Thursday Muller called about nine o'clock, and said he was going to the ship, the *Victoria*. Witness went with him. He stayed at the ship with him about three-quarters of an hour and left him on board. On the Wednesday, when Muller came at four o'clock, he said he wanted 12s, as he had not enough money for his fare. He said he also wanted to pay his lodgings and some little things. He produced a pawnbroker's ticket. Muller said it was for the chain witness had seen, and that he wished to sell it. Witness went to Hafer at Mr. Hodgkinson's, to ask him to buy the ticket. Hafer said he had not the money by him, but that witness was to pawn a suit of clothes which was in his house and give Muller the ticket. When witness went on board the *Victoria* he did not see Muller speak to anybody. He did not notice any difference in Muller up to the time of his sailing. He was just as usual. Witness pawned Hafer's suit for 12s, and gave the ticket and money to Hafer. He saw Hafer give the 12s to Muller. It was on the Monday morning that Muller told him he had bought the ring and the chain of the German. He said he had bought them that morning.

By the jury: Witness had lived at 22, Jewry-street prior to going to 12½. Muller had lodged there previously. That was the direction on the ticket.

The Coroner: Do you know anything more than you think it necessary to tell the court? Witness: No.

The Coroner: Did you go into Muller's berth? Witness: Yes, and saw his box, umbrella, and other things.

The Coroner: Did he wear the same hat?—Witness: Yes, all through.

The Coroner: Did you ever refer to the murder?—Witness: Yes. I spoke to Muller about it, but he said nothing. We had no further conversation about it.

Mr. William Atkinson, of 2, Laura-terrace, Campbell-road, Bow, master mariner, was called. For the benefit of his health, he went out in the *Victoria* as pilot. He joined her in the London Docks on Friday morning, the 15th of July. The vessel left the pierhead at a quarter before eight o'clock. There were between twenty and thirty passengers. He went with her a little short of the Isle of Wight—off Bognor. He left the vessel at two o'clock on Saturday afternoon. A passenger came to him on Friday afternoon, between three and four o'clock, and asked him if he would take a letter on shore when he left. Witness said the next day would be in time, and he would take all the passengers' letters. Witness took him to be a foreigner. About twelve o'clock the next day witness received a large number of letters from passengers, as he had given notice that he would receive all letters at twelve o'clock on Saturday. The passengers all came running with their letters at this time. He imagined that the foreigner came with the others. Altogether he had about twenty-six letters. (The photograph of Muller was put into the witness's hands, but he failed to identify it. The face was something like, he said, but the eyes were different.) He posted all the letters at Worthing. If the letter was unstamped when he received it, it would have a private mark of his own under the stamp, made prior to his putting the stamp on. He did not notice the addresses on the letters. If one had been addressed to Bow, in which neighbourhood witness resided, it might probably have attracted his attention.

The Coroner said that the other witnesses to be examined had left England, and he should suggest that there should be an adjournment for three weeks.

A jurymen said the chain belonging to Mr. Briggs had not been identified yet.

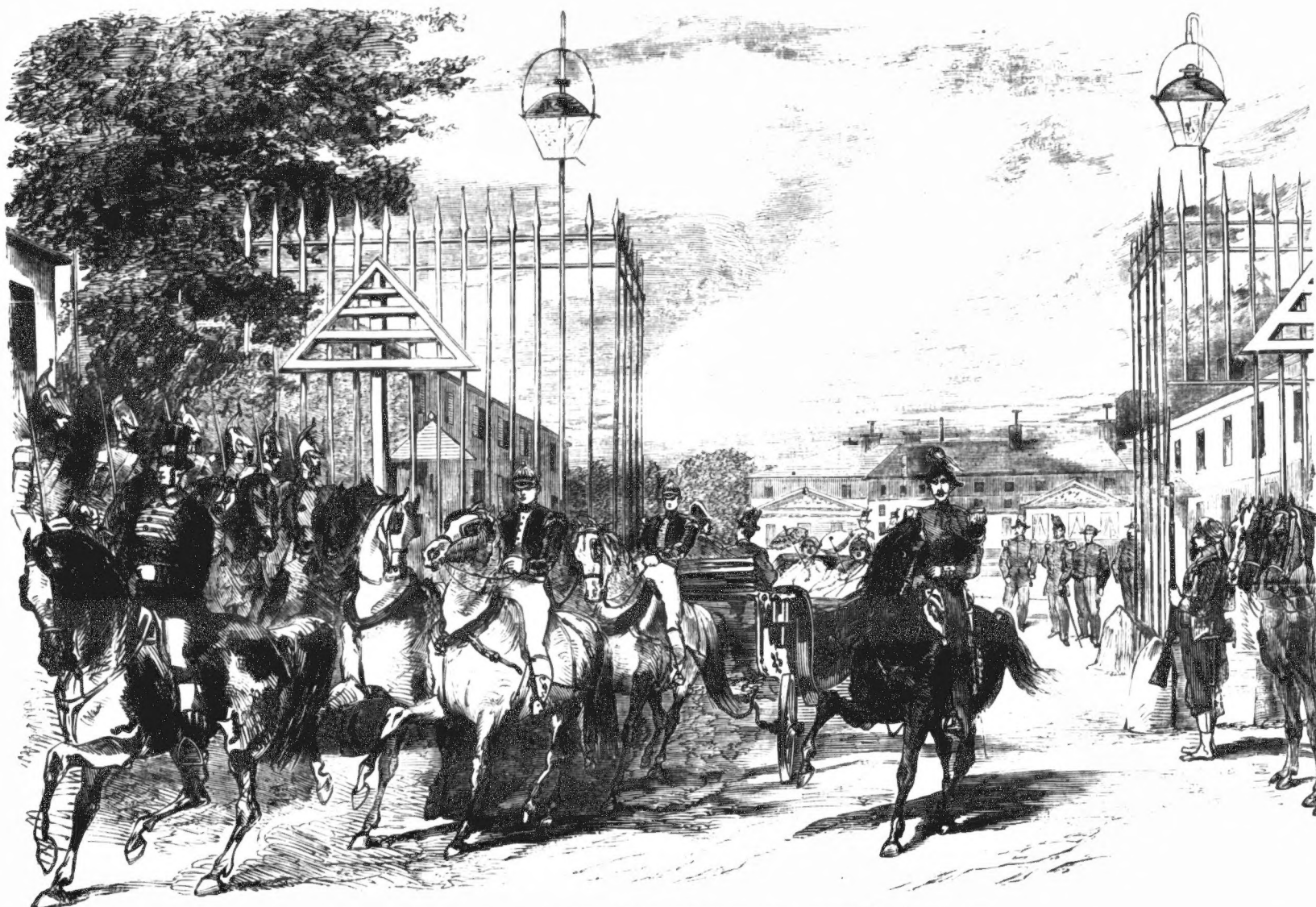
It was stated that Mr. Kerressey had taken it with him to America. Mr. Kerressey is one of the witnesses to be examined.

After some conversation the inquiry was adjourned until Thursday, the 8th of September, at ten o'clock.

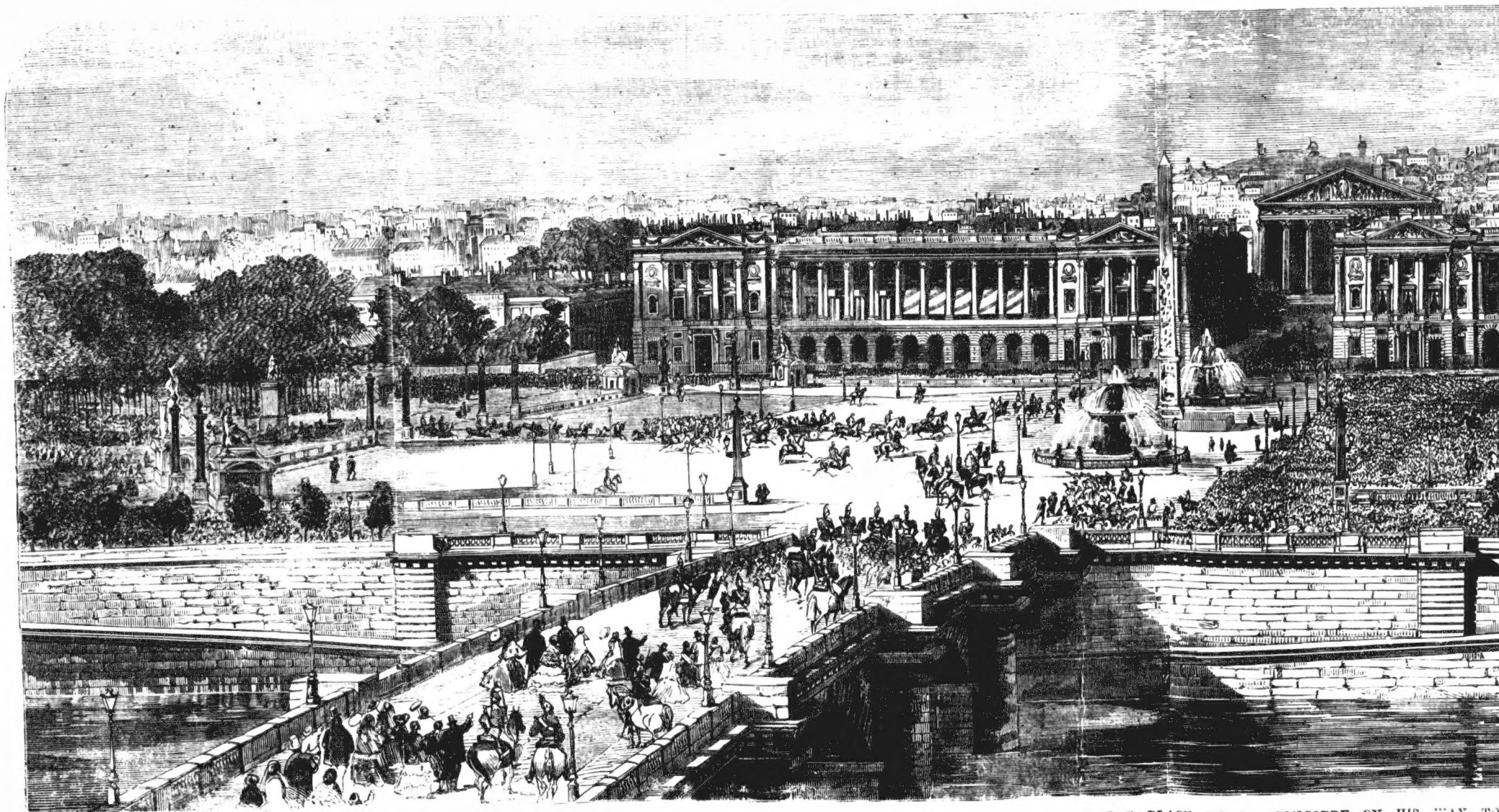
FATAL ACCIDENT TO A GENTLEMAN IN ST. JAMES'S-PARK.—On Monday evening an inquest was held at the office of the Park-gate Tavern Company, Westminster, on the body of Mr. O. S. Gash, thirty years of age, one of the principals of the company. On Friday week the deceased was thrown from his horse, a spirited one, in Birdcage-walk, and the animal trod upon his side. He was assisted into the Wellington-barracks, and after a time proceeded to the office of the company in a cab, where he expired at two o'clock the following morning. Deceased had been in a delicate state of health for some time. A verdict of "Accidental death" was returned.

MR. W. F. WINDHAM.—This singular individual is now working a coach with great regularity between Norwich, North Walsham, and Cromer. Mr. Windham is no longer proprietor of the coach, but discharges his duties as "coachman," looking after the luggage, way-bill, &c., in an exemplary manner. He has become extremely fat, and has a very jolly appearance. His coach is threatened, however, with the all-powerful opposition of the locomotive, the East Norfolk Railway Company being about to commence the construction of a line between Norwich and North Walsham. It should not be forgotten that Mr. Windham's father was once M.P. for East Norfolk, that one of his uncles is a lieutenant-general in the army, and another a marquis!

VISIT OF THE KING OF SPAIN TO THE PARIS FETES.



PARIS FETES.—THE KING OF SPAIN LEAVING ST. CLOUD. (See page 165.)



PARIS FETES.—ARRIVAL OF THE KING OF SPAIN AT THE PLACE DE LA CONCORDE ON HIS WAY TO

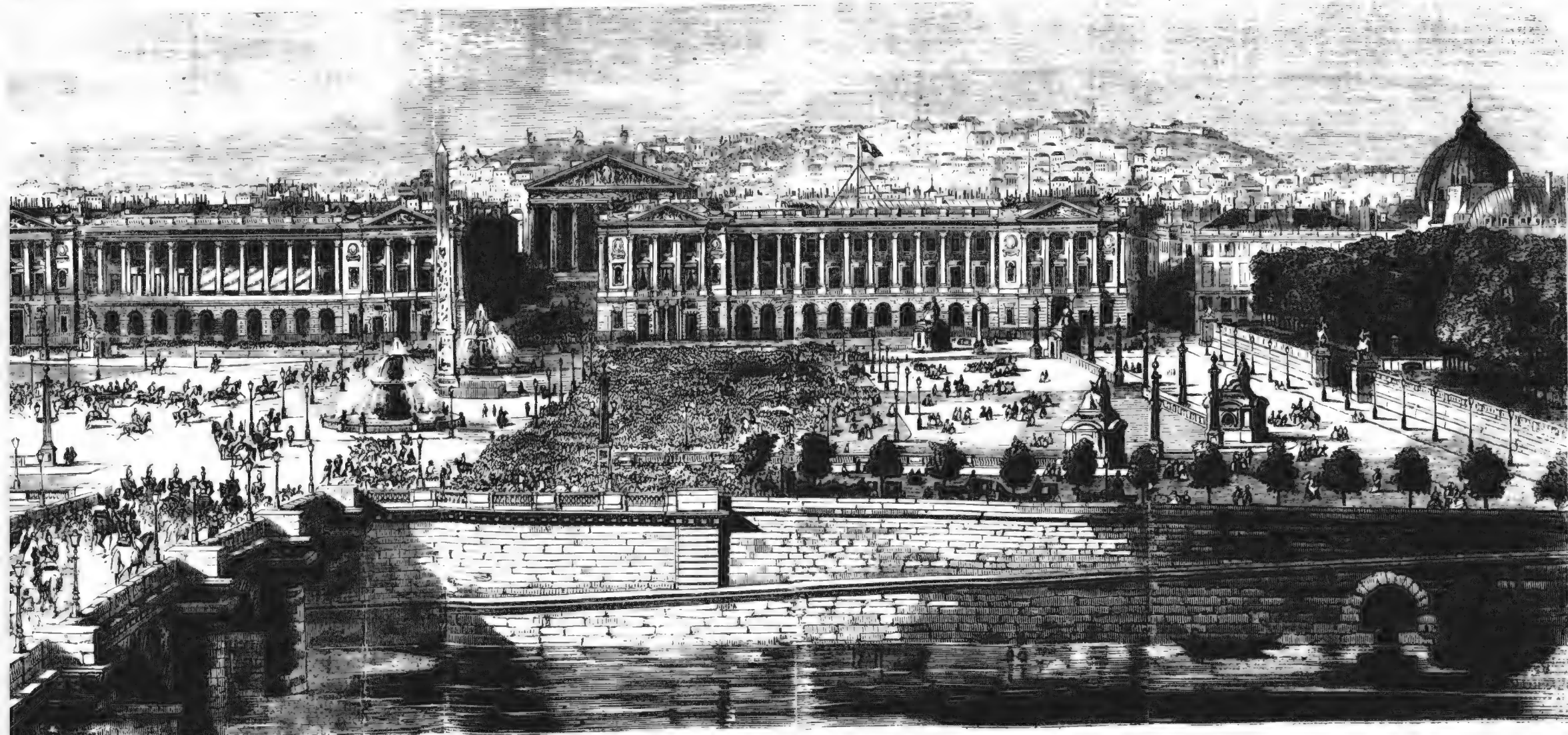
PARIS FETES.



(See page 165.)



PARIS FETES.—THE DEPARTURE FROM THE TUILERIES (See page 165.)



FETES.—ARRIVAL OF THE KING OF SPAIN AT THE PLACE DE LA CONCORDE ON HIS WAY TO THE TUILERIES. (See page 165.)

Theatricals, Music, etc.

THE THEATRES—We never recollect having so little to record relative to these establishments at this season of the year. London, with nearly all the theatres closed, is, indeed, quite out of town. Those remaining open, however, are doing a very fair business. The Palace has secured a strong hold of the public with Mr. Dion Boucicault's stirring drama of "The Streets of London," and the aid of a singing of Mr. George Vining is as remarkable a feature of the production as the startling effects with which it has been associated. It is very long since a piece has been more completely placed on the stage with reference to the perfection of scenic illusion, and it is so efficiently supported by the members of the company that it claims attention for its histrionic merits as well. The *Adelphi* has revived the drama of "Masks and Faces," in which Mrs. Stirling has re-appeared in her original character of Margaret W. Flinton. The two new farces of "My Wife's Maid" and "The Actor's Retreat" have begun and ended the performance. The *Olympic* still prolongs the career of "The Ticket-of-Leave Man" which, with this week, has reached its 390th night. The revived burlesque of "Mansfield" still forms the afterpiece. The theatre was closed on Wednesday evening, out of respect to the memory of Mr. Robson, the late co-lessee, whose funeral took place that day. Mr. Atkins, the clever comedian, took his benefit on Tuesday evening, when a material alteration was made in the programme for the occasion. The *Victoria* brought a successful season to a close on Monday evening last, but reopens for the winter campaign this (Saturday) evening. The *Griffin* has added to the popular drama of "The Ostrich" a new piece called "The Lost Inheritance," which, with one of Mrs. C. O'Connell's lively ballets, produces a very good bill. The *Erin* is flourishing with two effective dramas, "The Old Swiss Currier," and "The Drunkard's Children." Mr. Stood, the "Perfect Cure," and Mr. G. W. Foster, with "the talking hand," effectively enliven the intervals. The *Erin* continues the East-enders with a new drama, founded on the American novel by Captain Mayne Reid (and written by W. Travers, Esq.) called "Goliath; or, the Son of the Wilderness," concluding with "Lionel the Labourer." The *Pavilion* (Whitechapel Road) re-opens this evening with "The Three Black Seals." The *Burley* reopens on September the 3rd.

MR. MELLON'S CONCERTS AT COVENT GARDEN—The third of the classical nights was given on Thursday, with great success. Mr. Mellon is aware that these occasions, when the first part of the concert is devoted to one or other of the great musical classics, are looked for with real interest by all true lovers of music. As a conductor, competent to do every justice to the reading of the highest class compositions, Mr. Mellon may take rank with any musician in Europe, and his orchestra is composed of the best members from the various London societies. With such execution the symphonies and overtures of the old masters cannot fail to have every justice done to them. Thursday was the "Beethoven" night. The second part of the concert was of the usual miscellaneous character.

INTERESTING BENEFIT—Early in September a complimentary benefit will take place at the Crystal Palace for the benefit of Mr. Nelson Lee, the popular actor for public amusements. Mr. Nelson Lee will have the aid of the principal theatrical and musical talent in the metropolis; also, the various managers; and the good wishes of all.

MR. CHARLES DILLON—By our letters received this week from Australia we are told that Mr. Dillon purposes to be in London next October. He had taken the Prince of Wales Opera House, at Sydney, where the Keans were going to play their farewell appearances the first week in July. —*Era*.

THE CRYSTAL PALACE—The long-anticipated great Foresters' day opened very impressively—cold, wet, and cheerless; indeed, it was the first wet day we have had for many weeks, and the first wet day the London Foresters have ever had at this delightful place. "The road" presented all the bustle of a Derby-day; but instead of flags and colours, the heavy tar, and over the pleasure-stands completely hid the representatives of Robin Hood and his merry men. True, the Foresters were as "merry as could be" under the circumstances, and fully kept the road aware of the fact, that although apparently so, they were within their canvas coverings, they were ill at ease, and could use their lungs pretty freely. We need scarcely add that the various tents were early besieged. In consequence of the wet the interior of the Palace was very crowded. Fortunately, the interesting collection of modern paintings belonging to Mr. Price, one of the directors of the company, remained open for the day. By the kind liberality also of Sir Joseph Paxton, the gardens and grounds of this beautiful residence at Roehampton, adjoining the Palace, were thrown open, and visitors to the Palace were allowed to pass through them. The Pneumatic Passenger Railway was also available to the public. A great variety of additional attractions were also added to the thousand and one ordinary attractions of the Palace, and it may be safely said that at no former period has such an amount of interest and amusement been assembled together within its precincts. The numbers present on the occasion were 46,727.

PRESENTATION TO THE MARQUESS OF HASTINGS—The tenantry of the estates of the Marquis and Marchioness of Hastings about Ashby-de-la-Zouch have resolved on the presentation of a piece of plate to the Marquis and Marchioness of Hastings, on the occasion of their recent marriage. It consists of a superb candelabrum nearly three feet high, of exquisite design. On a massive triangular base resting on richly chased feet are three beautifully frosted figures, representing music, painting, and sculpture, from the centre of which rises a thick vine branching out into six arms for candles. The centre stem rises above, surrounded with clusters of grapes hanging down, and surmounted with an elegant cut glass for flowers, forming altogether a rich and pleasing effect. The plate has been for the last few days on view at Ashby-de-la-Zouch, and has excited much interest among the people of the neighbourhood.

HORRIBLE DEATH OF A BRIDE—A fatal accident, caused by a chemical match, has just taken place at M-reddick. A young girl of eighteen, residing in the Rue Longue-des-Capucines, who had been married in the morning at the church of Saint-Thomas, proceeded with her husband and friends into the country to pass the day. The bride, who was walking about in high spirits, was suddenly seen with her dress in a flame, and heard to utter piercing cries. She had lit on a chemical match, which had ignited and set fire to her muslin dress, and in spite of every exertion on the part of those near her, the flames could not be extinguished until she had been so dreadfully burnt that she expired on the following morning.

NUTS FOR THE GEOLOGISTS—As the navigators working on the Llanelly and Swansea Extension Railway were excavating at Pontardulais, for the purpose of forming a culvert, and when at the depth of ten feet, a large birch tree, a hazel tree with nuts on it, and (extraordinary as it may appear) a large basinful of nuts were picked up. All these articles were in excellent preservation, although they must have been there thousands of years.

ENGLISH GRAVES AT LUCKNOW—The *Bombay Gazette* of July 23 observes:—"It will be a matter of satisfaction to the relatives and friends of those who fell in the different sieges of Lucknow to learn that the chief commissioner has had a register prepared of the graves of all officers who were buried in various places in the city and its environs. Many slept their last sleep in the burial grounds; some were never buried, their bodies having fallen into the hands of the enemy."

NEW ARRIVALS AT THE ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS.

The following interesting letter from the pen of Mr. Frank Buckland appears in the *Times*:—"Those who are unfortunately obliged to stay in London at this time of year may possibly like to know that many additions have recently been made to the Zoological Gardens, Regent's-park. Mr. Pocockson, the head keeper, not long since took out with him to India a consignment of fallow deer, American reas pheasants, peafowl, Californian quails, various kinds of ducks, &c., and landed them at Calcutta without a single death. He has lately returned from Calcutta, bringing back with equal success a large number of rare and valuable animals, which are presented to the Zoological Society by the Banco Rajenda Mullick, Mr. A. Grote, and Mr. W. Dunn. A list of these Mr. Bartlett, the resident superintendent, has given me; they are three fine specimens of young rhinoceros, one rhinoceros hornbill, two concave casqued hornbills, green-necked peafowl from Burmah, sundry very handsome Indian pheasants, besides other smaller birds, and two very large tortoises. One rhinoceros has been sent to the Dublin Zoological Society, the other two are in perfect health and condition, though the original rhinoceros is somewhat jealous of the attentions the illustrious strangers receive from visitors. The height of the male rhinoceros is 4 feet 3 inches, of the female 4 feet; the length of the male 9 feet 8 inches, of the female 9 feet 4 inches; the girth of each being about 8 feet. One of the tortoises is a gigantic specimen, its weight being about 150 lbs., and its girth 6 feet. It seems very active and lively this warm weather. The large hornbills, which are placed close to the pelicans, are magnificent birds, and well worthy observation. Besides these Indian creatures the visitors should examine the little chamols, which has lately been born in the gardens; it is about the shape and size of a small kid, and, although so young, is nearly as active as its mother. In the curious house which the beaver has constructed for itself, Mr. Bartlett informs me that the mother has laid up a nest of young, one of which came out for the first time into the pond on Saturday last; another having died in the nest some days ago, the parents brought it out and laid it on the bank. I had hoped to have been able to report that the new pond contained a very large sturgeon, for on Tuesday last Mr. H. J. B. Hancock and Mr. Bartlett, learning that a fine specimen of this fish was tethered in the river Severn, at Tewkesbury, went down to fetch it; with much difficulty and labour they succeeded in bringing it alive as far as Paddington, where it unfortunately died, and was, I regret to say, transferred to Mr. Groves's shop, at Charing-cross, and not to the comfortable pond where we had hoped it would have lived many months. The weight of this splendid fish was 225 lbs., and it measured no less than 8 feet 9 inches in length. I found that it contained an enormous mass of roe (such as is manufactured into caviare by the Russians), which weighed 41 lbs., and which, as a calculation showed, contained no less than 1,881,600 eggs. The visitors should not forget to examine the young salmon and trout which were hatched last year in the gardens, the salmon averaging 5 inches, and the great lake trout no less than 8 inches in length. They are perfect beauties, and it is quite a treat to look at them."

HORRIBLE SUICIDE ON THE GREAT NORTHERN RAILWAY.

On Saturday, one of the coroners for Herts opened an inquiry into the circumstances touching the death of Mrs. Emma Cousins, at the White Swan public-house, Bell Bar, Herts, a village about two miles from Hatfield.

The deceased is the wife of Mr. William Cousins, a baker, carrying on business at Bell Bar, and had for some time given way to habits of intoxication. The following evidence showed that she met a most fearful death, and that she must have expired immediately after the injuries she had received.

Mr. E. Kimrose said he was a surgeon, and had examined the body of the deceased, who was forty-three years of age. He had known her for some time, and about a year ago she was suffering from delirium tremens. He was sent for on the previous Thursday afternoon, and saw the body of the deceased lying at Wadham-green. He found a most tremendous wound in the back, between the blade-bone, entering the cavity of the chest. The lungs were exposed, and her skull was fractured. He had no doubt in saying that the deceased was just prior to her death in a state of temporary insanity.

Joseph Sams said he was an engine-driver in the employ of the Great Northern Railway, and on the Thursday drove the express train from Hatfield that was due in London at four o'clock in the afternoon. He was driving at the rate of between forty and forty-five miles per hour. After he passed Bell Bar, which is a telegraph station, he saw a woman sitting on the balustrade near the metals. She was on the outside of the up-line. He then opened the whistle to warn her to get out of the metals. He was about 150 or 200 yards from her when he first saw her. After he whistled the woman drew herself up and placed her head and shoulders on the metals. He saw the engine strike her and hurl her on the embankment. It was the guard iron of the engine that struck her, dragged her about twelve yards, and then threw her down the embankment. As soon as she saw the engine coming she turned her back towards it. He stopped the engine as quickly as he could and then went back and found the woman quite dead.

Several of the jury said it was quite evident that the guard of the engine struck her in the back, as her back was ripped up and the whole of her inside could be seen.

Mrs. Mary Donnymore said she was sister of the deceased, and that on the Thursday morning she received a letter from her, which began, "Before you receive this I shall be no more." She was aware that her sister had given way to drink.

Evidence having been given showing that the deceased had been drinking for the past three weeks—that she had before attempted to kill herself, and that on the previous night she had taken her husband's razor with the avowed intention of cutting her throat.

The jury returned a verdict "That the deceased destroyed herself whilst in a state of temporary insanity."

A COUPLE OF CATS—The *Leicester (Maine) Journal* says there are a couple of spinners in Green-moocomaucias in their way—who have been trying to see how many cats could be multiplied from one pair. They began with one pair when the rebellion broke out, and as the kittens have grown and multiplied, their number now reaches to the alarming sum of 440 cats and kittens.

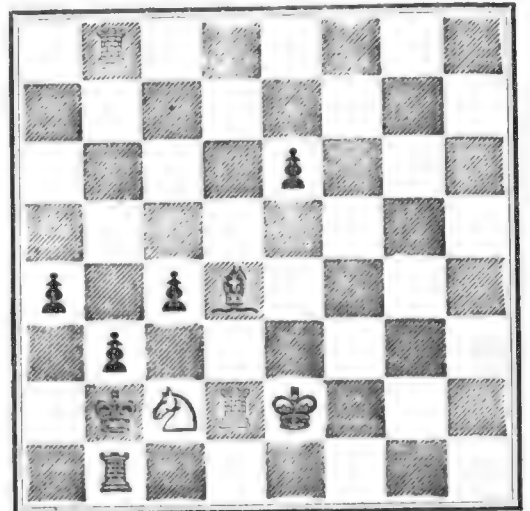
ENGLISH DETECTIVES IN AMERICA—A New York letter of August 7 says:—"Inspectors Kersey and Tanner, who were despatched to arrest Muller, the supposed murderer of Mr. Briggs, have both arrived here, and in ample time to intercept the alleged fugitive, if he is indeed a passenger by the ship *Victoria*. There seems to be some misunderstanding regarding the time which that vessel is likely to occupy in making the passage to this port. I learn from her owners that she has never accomplished the voyage in less than forty days; and as westerly winds have prevailed almost ever since she left London—twenty-three days ago—her arrival cannot reasonably be anticipated under three or four weeks. Meanwhile Messrs. Kersey and Tanner must 'wait and wait.' Their vigils will, however, be made tolerable by their brother policemen of this city, who are doing all in their power to make them both comfortable and happy."

OLD WINES—At a public sale held at Wurzberg last week several casks of wine were put up, which were proved by documentary evidence to have been made in 1783, 1789, 1807, 1811, and 1822. One cask was no less than 187 years old. A large number of amateurs were collected from all quarters to attend the sale, the competition was very lively, and the prices obtained quite enormous. —*Wine Trade Review*.

Chess.

PROBLEM No. 200.—By R. B. W.

Black.



White.

White to move, and mate in three moves.

Game between Mr. S. and another amateur.

White.

1. P to K 4
2. P to K B 4
3. Kt to K B 4
4. B to Q B 4
5. P to Q B 3
6. P to Q K 4
7. Q to Q K 8
8. P to Q B 4 (a)
9. P to Q B 5
10. P to Q K 5
11. B takes Kt P
12. P to Q R 6 (d)
13. P takes Q Kt P
14. B takes Kt (ch)
15. B takes B
16. Q to Q K 8 (ch)
17. Q takes Q R
18. Q to K 3
19. P takes K P
20. P takes Kt
21. K to K B 2 (f)

Black.

1. P to K 4
2. B to Q B 4
3. P to Q 8
4. Kt to Q B 3
5. B to K Kt 5
6. B to Q Kt 3
7. Q to K 2
8. P to Q R 8 (b)
9. B to Q R 2
10. R P takes P
11. Kt to K B 3 (c)
12. B to Q B square (c)
13. Q B takes P
14. B takes B
15. B takes B
16. K to Q 2
17. R to Q B square
18. R to Q R 8
19. B takes Kt
20. R takes B (ch)

Resigns.

(a) We should have preferred Kt to K Kt 5, before advancing this Pawn.

(b) Better, we should have thought, to have taken Knight with Bishop.

(c) Again taking Knight with Bishop, followed by Q to R 5 (ch), looks, to us, in every way preferable.

(d) Very well played, winning a piece by force.

(e) Deplorable as this seems, Black has apparently no better resource.

(f) The termination is very neat.

CATO—An explanation of the diagrams which appear in our journal would be intelligible to you only after you had made yourself acquainted with the elementary principles of the game. You should study the "ABC of Chess," published by Dixon, of Gracechurch Street.

G. F.—We very much doubt whether your problem can be solved at all in three moves. You have omitted to send the solution.

LEARNER—If it is White's turn to move, in the position forwarded by you, he is stalemated, as he cannot play without going into check.

E. DIXON (Norwich)—You are quite justified in your observations on Mr. Healey's problem, No. 181.

E. J. W.—Please to refer to the notice addressed to you in No. 45 of the paper, in which we expressed a me doubts as to the soundness of Problem No. 8. Have you again examined the position?

T. W.—The solution of Problem No. 166 is B takes P, Black replies with K takes B, and White mates with Rook.

STORY OF A MODERN OSEAN—Much excitement has prevailed in S-waledale, Arkendale, the borders of Westmoreland, as well as at Barnard Castle and Richmond by the proceedings of a man who lived in the woods and on the moors. He was of middle height; and, though of slender build, he possessed considerable muscular power, as was evidenced by his surprising activity. His clothing consisted of a fragment of an old dressing-gown, reaching from his waist to his knees, fastened round him with a cord, and a few rags clinging to his shoulders. His feet and legs were covered with dry black mud. His hair and beard were long and matted, saving which there was nothing ferocious in his aspect, his features being naturally mild and not unrepresenting. Occasionally he had approached farmhouses; and, at Scargill and other places, kind-hearted people had given him food, which he had eaten with avidity, but he had refused to accept the clothes offered him. He ran with wonderful speed, sometimes flying into the air, and glancing behind him at nearly every step. He seemed to have no fixed route, but diverged on each side of the way as he rapidly traversed the ground. It is thought that he must in some degree have subsisted upon such game or vermin as he could catch; and he has been observed eating the garbage lying in the vicinity of farmhouses. He was perfectly inoffensive; but his singular appearance, and his mode of running and screaming, had terrified many women and children. It is related also that a man living at a farm near Barnard Castle had risen early to go to the cow-pole, but had been so frightened by the sudden appearance of the "wild man," that he hastily unyoked the horses, hurried back to his house, and barricaded the doors and windows. There is no doubt that the "wild man" is a harmless lunatic who has escaped from confinement. The police have been on the look out for several weeks, but have failed to capture him until the present week, when the police stationed at Greta-bridge succeeded, after an exciting chase, in securing him. He stands remanded for fourteen days to Northallerton gaol, in order that inquiries might be made concerning him. —*Yorkshire Gazette*.

BORNDEN'S Tea is choice and strong, moderate in price, and whole some to use. These advantages have secured for this Tea a general reference. It is sold in packets by 2,280 Agents. —[Advertisement.]



INSIDE DELHI.—THE BEST SIDE OF CASHMERE GATE. (See page 174.)

Literature

HIGHLAND JESSIE; OR, LOTA, THE INDIAN MAID. A TALE OF THE GREAT INDIAN MUTINY.

CHAPTER CVIII.

AT LUCKNOW AGAIN.

Most men, and especially English fellows, get to be fond of their horses and treat them loyally, so by that fact you may judge to what straits they were pushed in Lucknow when you accept the information, that on the 3rd of September the Lucknow garrison turned loose amongst the enemy, during the night, sixteen horses and a mule, all of which were more or less wounded and were quite unfit for use.

The poor animals had done their duty, but they could do no more, and having become encumbrances they were injurious in the camp, where all had to work to save all. And so as the animals were useless, and as, if they died, we could ill-afford to spare the time to bury them, or the space for their interment, the poor creatures were turned loose amongst the enemy. The act went against the grain of many a man's heart.

On the same night that these poor animals were treated to treason, the issue of flour was cut down, and its place supplied with wheat. The arrangement may appear ludicrous, but the fact stood that every one was expected to grind for himself in the mills that remained still workable.

On that same third of September, the Sikhs were nearly excited to rebellion, and all about nothing from an ordinary point of view. On that morning some fresh beef (more bone than anything else, by the way), was accidentally removed from the slaughter yard in one of the magazine carts. And as these carts were used for the carriage of grain, the Sikhs were up in the stirrups about the affair. If that polluted cart once touched their grain they would lose caste, and so, as the result, there was a mighty marmaring through the Sikh camp. Whereupon the cart in question was immediately and solemnly marked in the presence of the commissariat department, and the strictest orders were given that it should not be used again. This incident will show how we had to manage the "natives."

Meanwhile of course the mining went on, and if the enemy did not blow us up, it was not for want of trying on that little attention. On the 2nd September, for instance, at breakfast time a mine was discovered in a remarkable manner, for the enemy coming upon a wall, broke into it, when the smoke from their lamp became apparent. A countermine was immediately run out sixteen feet, loaded and tamped for fourteen feet, and in went the head of their gallery. Then our people went back to breakfast.

Meanwhile, native Christianity was at a discount, four half-castes of that persuasion deserting to the enemy by the simple process of breaking open the door in the barrier they were set to defend, and then levelling. They took with them a number of native drummers—seven; of whose treason young Job Fisher, as a British drummer, remarked, "So much the better for the service."

Next day those four Christians were shot down by the enemy without mercy. Perhaps, on the whole, they had better have remained in garrison. There can be no doubt about it—the wretched men were shot down without any hesitation.

However, if half-caste Christians deserted, it must be admitted that the camp evil odours stuck to 'us only too' faithfully. Says an officer, "Probably the stench was never exceeded. At one point it was so bad that nearly every officer who slept at this post was laid up with fever at one time or another."

The flies were also getting more intolerable than ever, and it was due to them, it was held by several of our regimental doctors, that a sickening epidemic began to prevail early in September amongst the bullocks.

It was on the 1st of September that two bullocks had to be killed suddenly, in order to save the meat.

"Well," says Tim Flat, when he heard of the arrangement, "that's one way of getting beef."

It was.

But ah, poor Tim! On the 2nd of September he had all the pluck taken out of him, and he never found it again during the remainder of the siege, for there are some of our accidents in life which affect us almost as much as crimes. Tim was mighty jolly on the morning of the 2nd—he was even able to meet the tobacco catastrophe with a bright word or two, but that 2nd of September quite put the extinguisher on him.

As for the tobacco catastrophe referred to, our term might be quarrelled with, for the catastrophe was not one of tobacco, but the want of it. In fact, the tobacco suddenly failed, and many men who had met every other difficulty with a pipe, found their courage droop a little when that pipe was effectually put out.

But to return to Sergeant Tim Flat. He was his usually cheerful self on that 2nd of September, as Spankies would often remark in aftertimes, for Spankies is not dead yet.

Tim took a turn with Mrs. Maloney, as a kind of general support to that lady, who was about paying what may be called an official visit to several parties.

Maloney and Flat found Spankies on her back, doing nothing but groan. This experience of Spankies was so extraordinary that it was enough of itself to upset even Tim's philosophy.

"Holy blessings!" says Maloney, "what is it the matter, then?—is it being wounded ye are?"

"Caught in the back," says Sude.

"What with?"

"Well, not with a feather!" says Spankies.

"And when was it, it was, asks Maloney?"

"Well—not a month since," says Cucumber, who has evidently mislaid her temper.

"And is it hurt ye are?"

"Not a bit of it," says Sude, squaring up off her mattress; "only a bruise."

Now the fact stands that Spankies had got that washing-indicator wound to which reference has once before been made. An almost spent ball had caught her in the small of the back—of course, while she was hanging out a wash—and for a moment, as she often afterwards said, she thought she was gone. But no—it was the bullet that had gone—glancing off from a something hard in the besque line which formed a portion of Spankies's very upright toilette.

At the time, Sude looked upon the bruise caused by the bullet as an unmitigable nuisance. But she was wrong; for, as it has already been said, the wound was as good as a barometer, for ever henceforth it "shot" when it was going to rain, and so warned Cucumber off from many a bad day for washing.

But totally ignoring her bruise as she took quiet stock of Maloney, she says, "And pray, Maloney, what is it you want with me?"

"Well," says Maloney, blushing like a peony, "I was thinking of—of collecting our children."

"Our?" says Sude, with an emphasis like a blow on the single word.

"Yes; Fisher's!"

"Oh!" said Spankies, with an air which said, "At present no longer am I ignorant."

"For, ye see, ye do, Mrs. Spankies, that if I am to be his wife, if we get out of our troubles, it's not me should waste time in making them love me, it's not."

"Mrs. Sergeant Maloney, mum," says Spankies; "there is a line which should be drawn, and another line which should not be stepped over. Mrs. Sergeant Maloney, mum—I never was talked to, mum—and I never am talked to, mum—and talked to, mum, I never mean to be—mum!"

"But," says Maloney, clinging to her logic; "but, Mrs. Spankies, mum, if it's the wife of their father I am, it's their mother I'll be!"

"Mrs. Sergeant Maloney, mum, don't deceive yourself. All, mum, I can say, mum, is this, mum—no, mum—leastways, not till I've another leaden favour from the enemy as shall prove a settler. Yere, mum, young Jerry is; and yere, mum, that child will remain,

mum, while I've a harm to hold him with—to say nothing of my shape, mum, which is more adapted to infants, mum, than some people's." Here Mrs. S. fixed her hands on her waist, and looked Mrs. Maloney up and down with an air of challenge.

"Mum," says Spankies, "at present Jerry can roar, mum, but I doubt if he'd roar except to come back again, if you had the nursing of him, mum; and, plain and flat, you won't get him, mum. Which his mother as good as put him in my arms, and there he'll stay till in the course o' nature he gets weaned—when, praps, Molly Maloney, we'll have another palaver—which there's my hand upon it."

Maloney took it, saying, "Indeed 'twas only my duty it was I was doing. And good hands, Spankies, he's in when in yours, being stronger than mine. But 'twas just duty prompted me, it was."

And after a few moments' more conversation, Maloney went meekly away, still accompanied by Tim, who tried his best to cheer her up, little dreaming how much comfort he himself would require before the day was out.

"I'll think I'll try the Lurcher, I will," says Maloney; and with half a cheerful word from Tim off they turned to Wilhelm's quarters. By the way, Jessie was met on the road, and Maloney putting the question to her, Jessie replied, "I should na' have given up Nebby, for this he was jest better off with me than he could have been with you."

This was plain speaking, but Mrs. Maloney, loving Fisher's children all the more for the having had none of her own, was determined to try Skeggs. So, generally backed by Tim Flat, Mrs. Maloney tried it on Miss Skeggs, and suggested that Obby should be given up to her.

And thereupon Miss Skeggs clutched Obby to her heart (she had something of that kind), and asked "Am I no woman?"

An inquiry, the energy of which so moved Tim Flat, that he felt inclined to offer his cookney "and and 'art" on the spot.

In fact, to be concise, Mrs. Maloney went home as she came out, childless. But why have I introduced this episode of Mrs. Maloney's?

For a very justifiable reason. It was nearly the cause of Tim proposing in due form to Skeggs; and as things turned out, Tim was very glad he had done nothing of the kind—glad, not for his own sake, but for Wilhelm's. For on this precious 2nd of September, occurred Sergeant Tim Flat's great catastrophe, one which embittered all his life.

It was done in a moment.

When the evening had arrived, a party of five officers, attached to the Engineer department, went out to explore some old mines quite close to the north side of our position. The venture was made to obtain satisfaction in that direction, in the everlasting question of mining on the part of the enemy. The work had been completed, and the officers were returning without having put the enemy on the alert, when, as they were quietly moving in, a sentry of the 3—th, who was unfortunately ignorant that a party was exploring beyond the garrison, took the objects moving in the dark, outside our limits, for a party of the enemy's scouts.

He fired.

It is painful to have to read that one of the gentlemen was fatally wounded; for he died two hours afterwards.

Now the sentry was Sergeant Tim Flat.

If the poor fellow had not been pursuing his duties so well as he was accomplishing them, the catastrophe might not have happened, and Tim remained all his life as light-hearted as he had been up to that dismal night. But all happened differently.

"It was not my fault," he said, plaintively, when seen by his various friends that same night, and while he was under a kind of honorary arrest.

Nor was it.

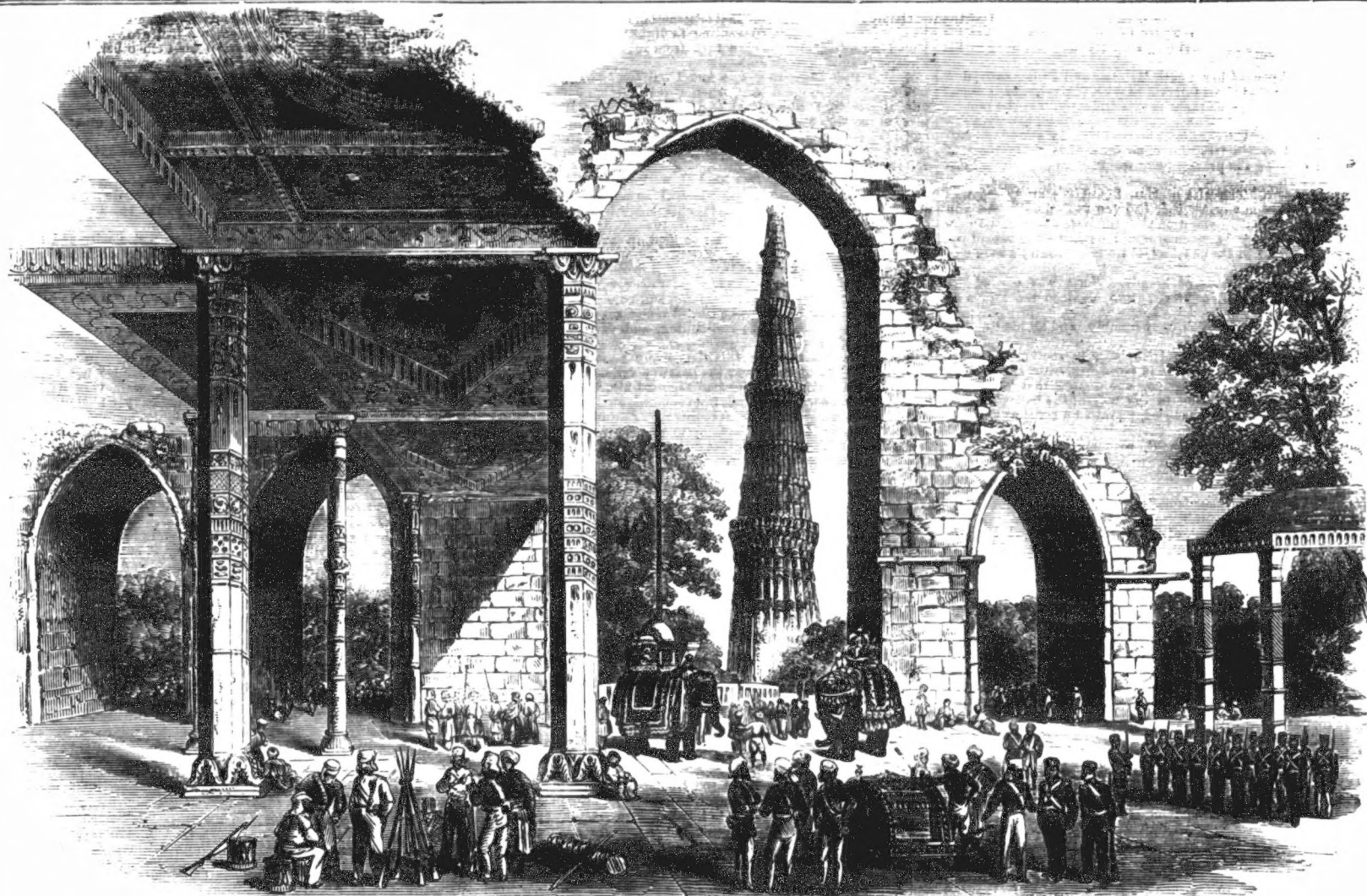
But Tim could never be the same man again.

Tom Dobbles proposed an extraordinary softener in the matter.

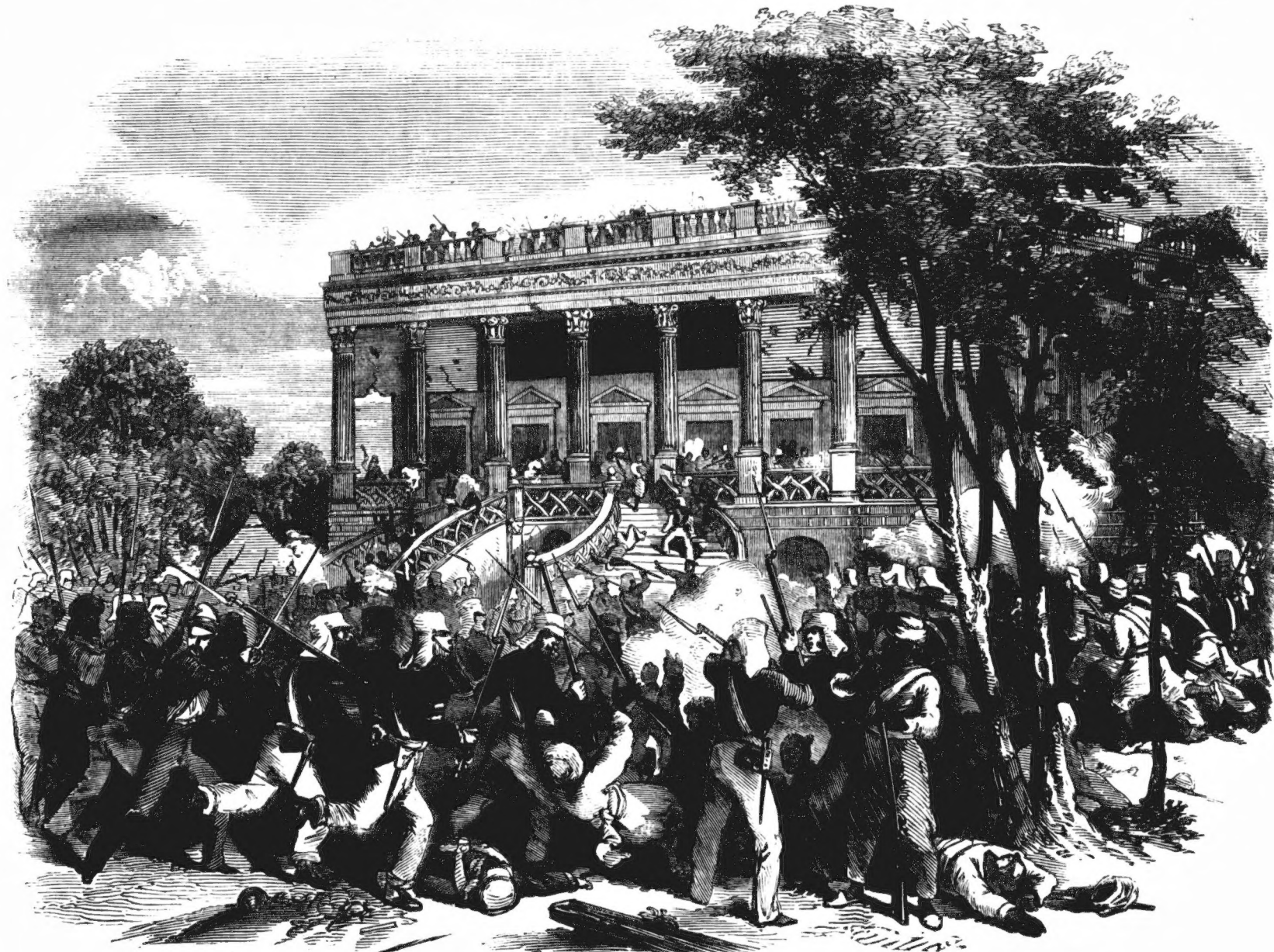
"Well, Tim," said he, "anyhow, you did not kill him dead."

"No, I didn't," said Tim, with some expression of comfort.

"Kill dead" is an expression in the army even amongst officers, which may appear a little superfluous, either word sufficiently answering the purpose; but you must admit it is emphatic, exactly as amongst sailors "drown dead" is a more powerful expression than "drowned."



INSIDE DELHI.—AFTER THE CAPTURE OF THE KING. (See page 174.)



INSIDE DELHI.—THE TAKING OF THE BANK. (See page 174.)

Mrs. Spankiss, as it might have been expected of her, was the first comforter. Defying the bruise in her back, she made for Tim's quarters, where he was sitting stupidly with his head in his hands.

Before she had opened her mouth Maloney and Fisher arrived. And as they all had short interviews with the prisoner, I ought to mention them all; but there is this difficulty, that the reports would be monotonous. I think I will condense them, merely stating with the statement that Skeggs arrived last, in a kind of staggering faint, and with a frightful expression of property-right in Tim, which only on the previous day would have made Tim himself tumble down.

But to my report. The gist of Mrs. Spankiss's argument was this: "When you don't mean bad, had you don't do. When you don't mean to shoot, then you didn't." But here she checked herself, and remarked that "accidents would occur to the best of regulated soldiers, and would he take 'it' while the sentry's back was turned?"

"It" was a small bottle of brandy. That was one of the general shape of Spankiss's comforts. She obtained the liquor to that end.

"Thank ye, mum," says Tim, very humbly, and all his "chaff" clean taken out of him.

Maloney was very loud, as an Irish lady in sentimental difficulties is generally found to be; and careering over the logical by-laws of her excited countrymen, she argued that 'twas just the "officer's fault" for getting in the way of the bullet. Even at the pass to which Tim was reduced, he raised a smile at this argument.

Fisher, as Tim's superior sergeant, assumed an air of reproach which sat but poorly on him.

"This is very sad, Flat."

"Which it is, sergeant."

"Though, I admit, not your fault."

"No, sergeant, not my fault."

"I'm really very sorry; but, of course, you'll be set at liberty, Flat."

"To-morrow," says Tim, bitterly. He was thinking of the morrow of his life.

"Very sorry, but I hear Mrs. Maloney oh-high-king behind the hut, for she's very sorry for you, and I'll just go and comfort the poor thing. Good night."

"Good night, sergeant."

Then Drummer Fisher, who had fallen back as his father advanced, came up.

"Oh, Sergeant Flat, ain't you been and gone and done it?"

"Just have, Job."

"But you'll pull through, you know."

"Hope so, Job."

"And, I say, yere's Jessie-a-comia."

Now here Tim trembled, for it was Jessie he feared to meet.

She came up, looking all ways but at him.

So he spoke first.

"Jessie!" says he.

"Her, mum, what has ye been doing?"

"I'm very sorry, Miss MacFarlane."

"Miss MacFarlane? Is my name no longer Jessie?"

"Very sorry, Jessie, but it was all accident."

"It was very unfortunate," says Jessie, that tremendous Scotch

circumlocution cropping up.

"It was so dark, Jess."

"Hey! then the more call for caution."

And here it was that the Lurcher in her walking faint put in an appearance so towled that she looked more like the East-end than the commonest West.

"Oh, my dearest Tim!" says Skeggs; and with a way in her

there was no reticence she fell upon Tim's unhappy neck.

"Oh my poor, dear Timmy! what a position for him as will be my head—for o', they will not shoot you, will they?"

And thus it was that poor Skeggs proposed to Tim, who had never been got to propose for her.

Perhaps there was some goodness in Skeggs's heart, under all her bad fashion and tremendous snobbishness. You see, she offered herself to Tim at a time when, if she had been wholly fashionable (from her general point of view), she would have dropped him like a hot brick taken up at the wrong end. As it was, she proposed.

They had a great deal of difficulty in tearing Skeggs away from Tim, whom she held on to like a barnacle. However, she was got away at last, and collapsed at once, and was carried home like a bundle of laundry—then Poor dear.

Then Tim was left to himself.

All through that dismal night. At the beginning of his watch his anger against himself was very great, and many times he looked up to a bamboo rod, which ran across the hut and asked himself whether he should end it all. But as the night wore on he did something better than destroy himself—he wept.

The wreny outside said he "howled."

But weeping and howling are much the same thing. 'Tis but a difference of terms; and who knows but what Tim was improved by his degradation? Misery does us good sometimes.

CHAPTER XIX. INSIDE DELHI.

If any man can fairly describe the sack of a fallen city, he had better communicate with the present writer, who would pay him a well-merited compliment on his abilities.

Generally speaking, no man appears equal to describe the rush of the victorious through a vanquished city. The story is broken up into as many bits as there are men in the conquering army. To get at the history of the sack you must have the history of every man who helped in that operation—helped, of course, on the conquering side.

The Delhi prize-money is to this day as much out of our soldiers' pockets as though it had never been found, but it does not follow that no money was made by the fall of Delhi. It is astonishing how rich some fellows became after the mutiny was wiped out, and India was as quiet as she is able to be. Men and officers quite as much on the alert then as those were equally—fortunate shall I say? That some men are better than others, is a remark which may appear to be an unnecessary one. It holds good, however, in the army as elsewhere, and in reference both to the full private and the commissioned officer of rank; and so, therefore, it is not wonderful that all the treasure found in Delhi was not contributed to the general heap of divisible spoil. A big diamond will go in a nice little space, and a good deal of that sort of packing was done after the reduction of Delhi.

The bank was made for at once, when it fell immediately into the power of the English, though, perhaps, it is right to add that there was not much in it. However, a bank is always a bank, and when a city is sacked, that kind of establishment generally comes in for a certain amount of attention.

The city once entered, all opposition fell like a card-house before a mere breath. It was but to beat through the remaining crowds of sepoys, who owing their courage at this pass rather to the mad excitement procured by the use of brass than to genuine courage, fought incautiously if fearlessly, and were consequently slain in very many thousands. The open within the Cashmere Gate was literally strewn with bodies.

Before twenty minutes had passed from the blowing open of the Cashmere Gate, the city had fallen. Each soldier has his history of that day's work to tell; but the history I desire to tell is that of Olive St. Maur and his wife, of little Arthur and Phil Edgingham—not forgetting the good Hindoo, Kristos Jeth, who had braved death to save the life of the little English youth.

Gladly may one turn from that miserable old King of Delhi, soon to be a prisoner so abject, so wanting in dignity, that his own people jeered at him—gladly may we turn from such a being to that poor sweeper, named Kristos Jeth.

It was Phil Edgingham who found out the Indian. Perhaps it will be recalled to mind that when Olive and his wife once more met it was Phil who volunteered to find the boy. He knew the place of the lad's concealment for he had often passed it; though he had respected Lota's fears for the boy's safety so absolutely that he had never once endeavored to make himself known to the little fellow.

He came upon Kristos Jeth hard at work rice-bolling in his poor house, while the English youth, dressed as an Indian child, and stained to look like one, played with his pudgy little fingers with a few plant roots. The city was full of turmoil, blood had congealed in every street, but life must be kept up, and so Kristos Jeth was rice-bolling.

Kristos's hut was in an out-of-the-way corner of the city, and few soldiers had swarmed into that poor district, all being bent on richer booty than it afforded; therefore, when the good Samaritan Hindoo heard a sahib's voice, he turned round with a vigour which threatened the safety of the rice-bolling, and met the easy good looks of Phil Edgingham.

The action was over by this time many hours, and the only military sound to be heard was the beat of a drum.

"Evening!" said Phil, who had reported himself at headquarters, and obtained a sword-belt from somewhere, but who was still dressed in the white slops (I believe this the existing term), on which he had insisted when he had, as he stangly put it, "spoiled" the King of Delhi, and forced that miserable person to treat him as a visitor rather than a prisoner.

"Sahib!" says Kristos.

And now, there being no occasion to hide the liking he has for the son of his brother companion in arms, Phil looks at the child, and says, "Arthur!"

The child looked up quickly, in great alarm and wonderment. Children forget with marvellous rapidity; or rather it would be, perhaps, fairer to say children adapt themselves to new circumstances with but a passing yearning to a previous condition; and so, though only a few months had fled since the child was stolen from an English home, he had in a great measure forgotten it and the English tongue he had once begun to babble. Again, he had passed his life with his mother and Vengha, both of whom spoke Hindostanee when conversing, and hence that language was almost more familiar to him than his father's.

But when he heard the word "Arthur," he looked round, and eyed the speaker with that open-eyed, fearful wonderment which looks so well in children and so mean in men.

"Don't you remember the doctor?" asks Phil.

Whereupon the little fellow turns his countenance into a note of interrogation, and without a word, plainly asks: Kristos what it means.

To which inquiry Kristos is too troubled to answer a word. Meanwhile the Hindoo's own children peep out like little rats from the dark corners to which they ran the moment they had marked the sahib; while the Hindoo's wife whose courage had returned with the victory of the English, comes down the narrow street, carrying the pitcher of water she has ventured out to seek.

And at this point, Phil, fastening down tight whatever sentiment he may have unspooled, bawls out in the Indian tongue words which may thus be freely translated:—

"Here—come out of that, and bring the boy with you."

So the Hindoo gravely moved the pot of rice from the fire, and picked up the little boy. He was quite able to march on his own account, but the Hindoo carried him. The fact, perhaps, existed that the Hindoo was grateful to the boy, because he had been the means of causing Kristos to exercise that self-sacrifice in which happiness, perhaps, alone lies. I am harping on the old string, and the older the better, which vibrates to the tune of "man is happy in so far as he does good to others—not in so far as man does good to him."

After all of which pedantic preaching, I may add that the Hindoo carried the boy to the mother, the little fellow submitting to that style of progress with one little arm round the Indian's neck, and both his wondering eyes staring looks at Phil, who talked along looking out ahead with no expression whatever worth talking about on his handsome features. He had completed the sentimental packing off usually.

When the group came into the presence of the husband and wife, the poor mother, followed by the father, ran to ward the boy, who she took back, and now put both his hands round the Indian's neck.

So, Kristos set him down, and whispered to the child that the man-sahib was the little sahib's "mam."

Lota, shocked very naturally, if unreasonably, at the child's fear and even aversion, remained a couple of paces off; and as the child's little, trembling feet touched the ground, she held out both her hands towards him.

Neither father nor mother had, so far, taken any notice of the boy's protectors. The child, however, still anchored upon the man's neck, nor did the Indian attempt to stand up again while the child touched him.

He looked very humble and retiring, and shame-faced.

"Come to me, Arthur?" said Lota.

And again the boy trembled and looked inquiringly at the Indian, who once more urged the child in a low voice to go to the lady.

"Don't you know mamma?" (the child trembled and looked his hold upon the Indian's neck)—and nurse Vengha (here the boy let his hands fall by his side, and he faced Lota fearlessly—but still he stood near Kristos)—"and nurse Jessie?" continued Lota.

And here the child shot away from the Indian, and nestled once more on the mother's breast.

And then it came about, as it was set out in the last chapter, that the wife and husband who had been parted met, and that their child stood between them.

The Indian turned towards the door.

It was Phil who noted that action.

He put his hand upon the dark man's shoulder, and, as he patted it roughly, he said, "Where are you going, Kris?"

"To my home, and my other little ones."

"Here, St. Maur," said Phil, and perhaps a little sharply, for it was not to be expected that Phil could quite comprehend the deep selfishness of affection which a man and woman have for their child—"the fellow's going."

St. Maur looked up, and began a few words of thanks. It must be admitted they were awkwardly spoken, for he did not know what to say; but, as he stopped, the Hindoo said, "Another time, sahib; I will not come between you and your happiness," and he stooped his head between his hands.

Perhaps there was the least bit of dignity in the world infused in these words. And this "Kris," as Phil called him, moved towards the door.

"You're a good fellow," says Phil, and he shook that low-caste Indian by the hand.

And so the Hindoo went. Lota had not spoken a word to him—had not bestowed even a look in his direction.

As for St. Maur, had he met the man again, he would not have recognised him. But meet him again he never did, for on that same night the man was shot by some fanatic, who, perhaps, had surprised his secret. At all events, shot he was; and a blessed thing it is to know that virtue in this world is its own reward, for in nine cases out of ten 'tis the only recompense virtue is able to bank. But then the bank in question is an uncommonly safe one.

The Hindoo had restored a child to its parents from the mouth of death; and long before those parents had grown weary for a time of telling how they had yearned for each other, Kristos lay dead and stark, and the noisome Indian flies were circling round his body.

As the poor Indian lay, apart from the other dead, shot in an obscure corner on his way home to his "other little ones," Olive and Lota sat in a pure rapture of happiness in each other's arms, with the boy, now fallen asleep, between them.

Is there any need to report how she cleared herself before the judgment of her husband? Not any. Let the dismal tale pass now she yielded to Vengha for the reverence in which she held her supposed birth; how she fought with her conscience before the mutiny broke out; how she joined the Brahmins to seek her child; how at last she came to find him.

Also let rest his sorrows. He admitted he had condemned her, and though she flinched as he spoke, she had a noble answer. "When," said she—"when I condemned our child, I thought to save your life!"

And so they sat as the hours past, and as the city was being brought into something like rough military order, they promised each other that never more would they speak again of these past troubles. Once, and only once, was the man Kristos referred to, and then but for a few moments—a space of time enough in which for Olive to say that he should be well rewarded. Do not blame them—for happiness can be selfish, and both were very happy. Happy for a few hours; for that same night Lady St. Maur, informed against by some specimens of these white-hearted cowards, who volunteer information which would never have been asked of them, was arrested upon a charge of treason.

A little surreptitious note came with the picket, which ran in a scrawl to say that, beyond all doubt, Lady St. Maur need feel no alarm.

But she was arrested, and it was after that catastrophe that, as she lay awake, with her little boy in her arms, she thought of the Indian who had saved the child, and some vague feeling of remorse took possession of her, and made her heart ache.

(To be continued in our next.)

TERRIBLE HURRICANE IN THE SOUTH SEA.

THE *Glasgow Herald* publishes a letter from a young man describing a terrible storm which overtook the Countess of Seafield, a ship in which he had taken passage for Canterbury, New Zealand. The writer says:—"On the 27th of April, when about 3,000 miles from New Zealand, we encountered a very heavy gale of wind, accompanied with a tremendous sea. About midnight the ship was pooped by a heavy sea, which carried away the wheel, binnacle, and cabin companion. This sea also stove in the mate's house on deck. The third mate, carpenter, and a midshipman were asleep in the house at the time; they, however, managed to escape from it, and rushed down into our cabin. The first mate and an able seaman were at the wheel when the sea struck her. The mate was knocked head foremost through the bulwarks, but, strange to say, he was washed on deck again by the sea. The other man was thrown into the rig, and very severely hurt on the right hand. Immediately after his ship was laid to under close-reefed main-topails. The wind now blew a fearful hurricane, the sea ran mountain high, and the sky was as black as ink—every other minute the sea swept completely over the vessel, completely burying her in water. The ship lay to very well during the night, but about half-past five in the morning the relieving tackle of the rudder gave way, and I believe there was no one on the poop to secure it again. In consequence of this the ship at once fell into the trough of the sea, and in a few minutes her decks were swept by a most terrific sea, which carried away the house on deck in which the man lived, the galley, all our boats, bulwarks, and main-rail. This sea also swept away ten men, all of whom were drowned. We lost the second mate, one midshipman, one apprentice, the cook, and one passenger. Earl, the passenger who was drowned, had acted as cook's mate during the voyage, and he was in the galley along with the cook. There was only one man saved who was on deck at the time, and, strange to say, he was in bed in the house when it was carried away. He cannot tell how he managed to escape; but as he was on a low bunk, almost on a level with the deck, I think the house must have lifted clean over him. I shall never forget the shriek of the poor fellows as they went overboard. As soon as day broke all the passengers went to the pumps. We worked incessantly at them during the day and night; but the ship was straining so heavily, and shipping such a tremendous quantity of water, that we could not keep her free. We were constantly at the pumps to the 29th, when we got them to suck. As soon as we got her free of water we cleared all the wreck off the decks. The weather had moderated very considerably by this time. Up to this time we had had no sleep, neither had we anything hot to eat, as we had no galley, nor anything in the shape of a cooking utensil, except a small black kettle. We managed to make tea in this on a small stove in the cabin. On the 30th we were divided into two watches. We got four hours in bed and four hours on deck. In my watch we had two sailors and five passengers. The other watch had the first and third mates, the carpenter, and five passengers. We sighted Tasmania four weeks and a half after we met with the disaster. After we made the land the wind went round dead against us, and for three days we were within sight of Hobart Town, but could not get in. We got in exactly five weeks after we were disabled."

A LADY PREACHER AND THE POLICE.—Most of our readers (says the *Curmish Journal*) have doubtless heard of Mrs. Colonel Bell, a lady who is (perhaps somewhat indiscreetly) migrating from town to town throughout the principality for the purpose of preaching and selling copies of the Scriptures. Whether Mrs. Bell considers Swansea more depraved than other towns we know not, but her stay here has now been prolonged for several months, and the way in which she fulfils her mission has repeatedly brought her into antagonism with the police. Some few weeks ago Mrs. Bell was summoned before the bench for causing obstruction in the streets, and the case being proved she was ordered to pay £1 6d. costs. On Monday last, Mrs. Bell was again summoned for a similar offence, and on this occasion Mr. R. Sutherland, the town magistrate, was also summoned. The case was proved by Police-constable 26, who swore that on Sunday evening both defendants were preaching in Castle-square, that a large crowd of persons congregated around them, and that the thoroughfare was consequently obstructed. The defendants brought forward three or four respectable civilians, who deposed that they were present during the whole of the Sunday evening service, and that there was no obstruction—pedestrians passed and repassed on either side of the street. The magistrate, however, believed the case proved, and fined each of the defendants 20s. or fourteen days' imprisonment. The defendants refused to pay, stating they had no money, and Mrs. Bell adding that the apostles went to jail for the cause of Christ in the days of old, and she would follow their example. Ultimately, however, a gentleman in court paid the money for both the defendants, who were then liberated. Mrs. Bell left a Bible with the head constable as a gift to the officer who had proved the case against her.

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